SPECIAL APRIL FOOL ISSUE

YOU'LL FEEL LIKE A FOOL WHEN YOU BUY THIS ISSUE OF...

IND

MAD

OUR PRICE 25c CHEAP

No. 39

May '58



IF YOU THINK YOU SEE THE FACE OF ALFRED E. NEUMAN, MAD'S CELEBRATED "WHAT – ME WORRY?" KID, ON OUR FRONT COVER, THEN

APRIL FOOL!

BECAUSE, ACTUALLY, ALL YOU'RE SEEING ARE THESE LESSER-KNOWN CHARACTERS:



(1) Harry Piel, **(2)** Bert Piel, **(3)** Judy Garland, **(4)** Bing Crosby, **(5)** George Gobel, **(6)** Louis Armstrong, **(7)** Floyd Patterson, **(8)** Number 1 Contender, **(9)** George Burns, **(10)** Gracie Allen, **(11)** Imogene Coca, **(12)** Sid Caesar, **(13)** Bob Hope, **(14)** Ed Wynn, **(15)** Steve Allen, **(16)** Ed Sullivan, **(17)** Jackie Gleason, **(18)** Jerry Lewis, **(19)** Dave Garroway, **(20)** Elvis Presley, **(21)** Rosemary Clooney, **(22)** José Ferrer, **(23)** Lucille Ball, **(24)** Desi Arnaz, **(25)** Liberace, **(26)** Jayne Mansfield, **(27)** Yul Brynner, **(28)** Frank Sinatra, **(29)** Irving Tail-fin

NUMBER 39 MAY 1958

MAD

"Bars are something which if you go into too many of, you're apt to come out singing a few of, and maybe land behind some!"—Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein
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DEPARTMENTS

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VITAL FEATURES



MAD presents plan we need to make America's kids science conscious. Now we need plan to make America's kids conscious.



An article about suburbs and how they're sprawling further and further from cities as more and more urbanites rush to sprawl.



A quick look at the new advertising method known as subliminal projection which we hope is nothing but a flash in the pan.



We'd be "Met" with this kind of thing if pocket-book cover copy-writers were to put their blurbs to work on Opera Albums.



With new stamps coming out daily commemorating just about everything, we figure there'll soon be one for this article.



Bob and Ray's version of the television show that takes a Sunday afternoon across this vast land of ours, and quietly ruins it.



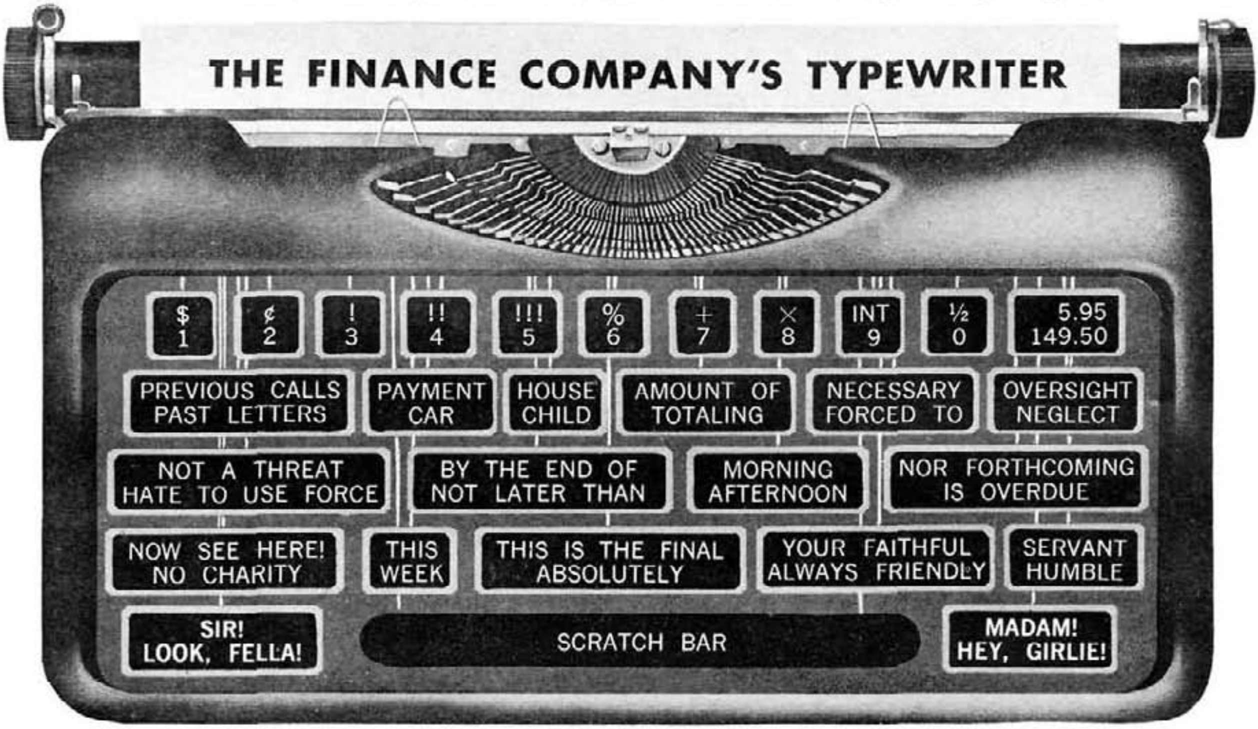
Here are some MAD games guaranteed to start any party rolling, once the cops come and pile you all into the Paddy Wagon.

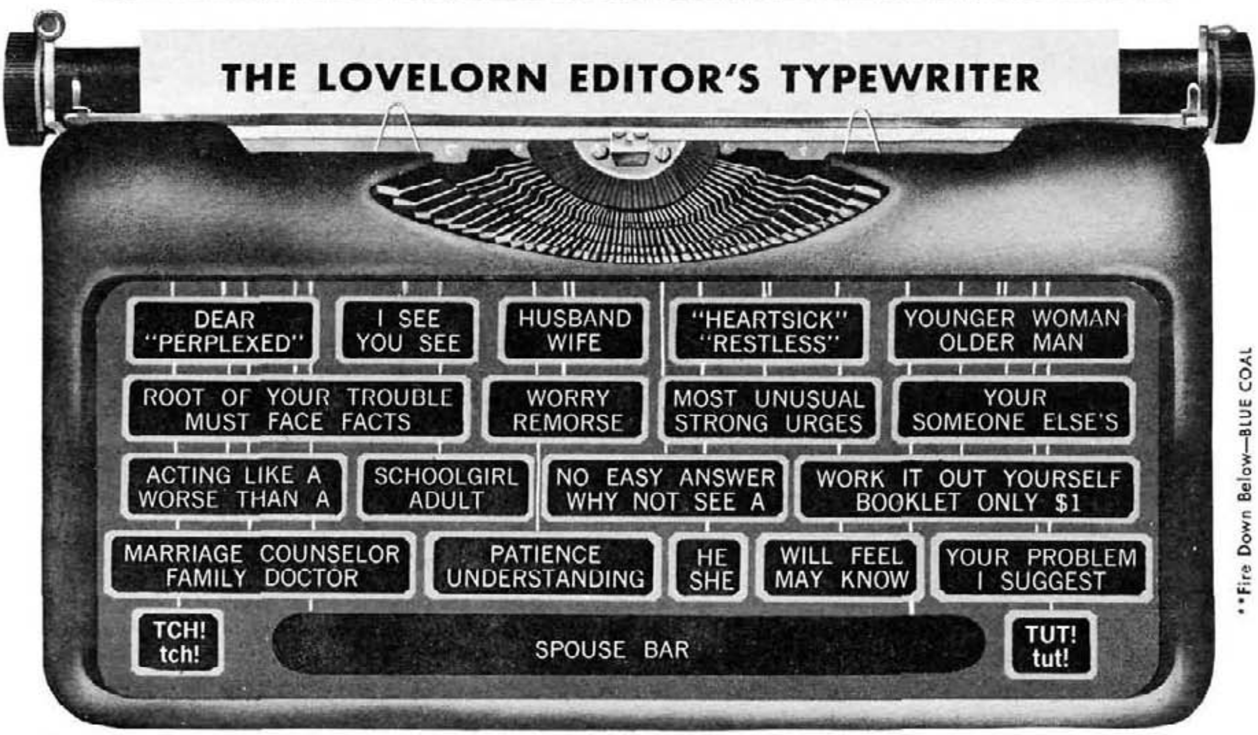


A satire of that famous American family-magazine offered by that infamous American black-sheep-of-the-family-magazine, MAD.

THE KEY TO SUCCESS DEPT.

Want to be a specialized writer? So what if you can't spell! So what if you don't know grammar! All you need to know are the dozen or so important clichés and hackneyed phrases these guys use, and you're in business. As a matter of fact, MAD has solved the whole problem for you in advance by designing . . .



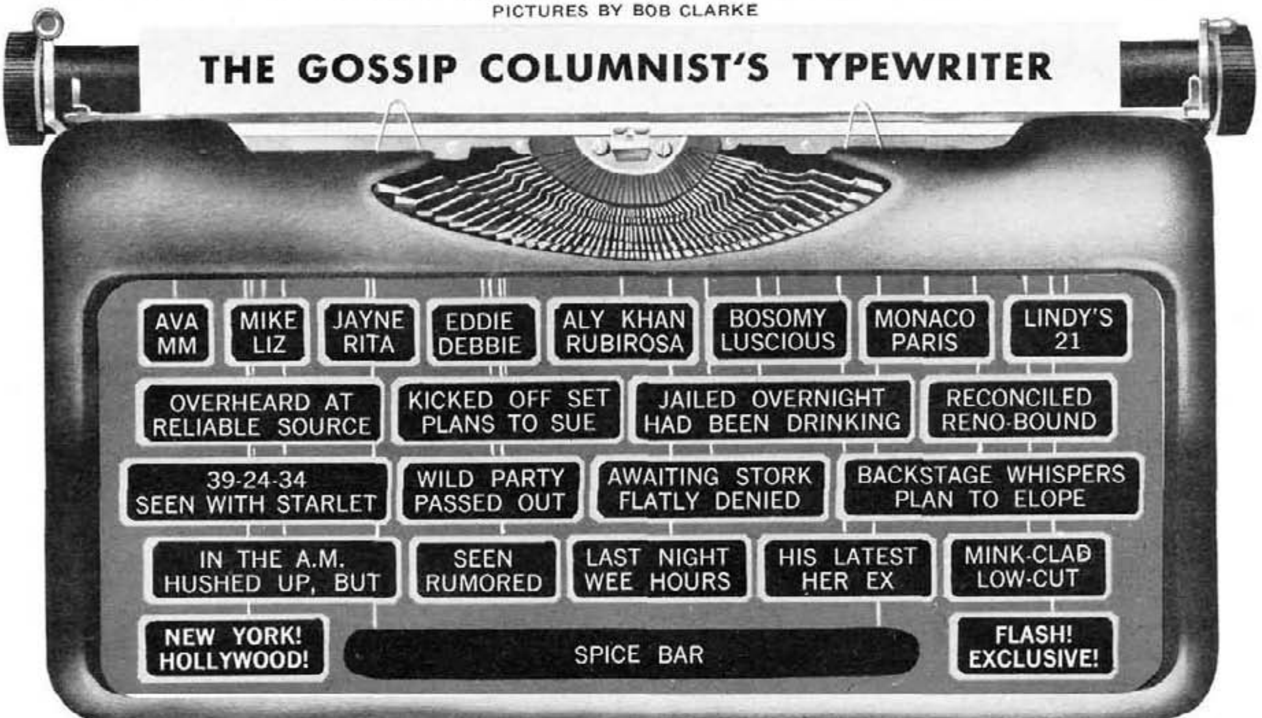


**Fire Down Below—BLUE COAL

TYPEWRITERS
to fit your trade



PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE



Editor's Note: Once I was a slow, plodding hunt-and-peck typist.
nOw I'm a Spe4dy eXponent of thz tOuch systex.

**"Something of Value—U. S. TREASURY BONDS



LETTER PAGE

Every time I buy an issue of MAD, the first thing I turn to is the letter page. But the bomb in the mail box is still there. When is it going off?

Dennis Gormley
Hialeah, Fla.

In my opinion, the guy who writes your "The-guy-who-writes-your 'The-guy-who-writes-your "The-guy-who-writes-your-letters-should-write-the-rest-of-the-magazine!" letters-should-write-the-rest-of-the-magazine!' letters-should-write-the-rest-of-the-magazine!" letters should DROP DEAD!

Steve Spiegel
Philadelphia, Pa.

I think the guy who writes the rest of your magazine should write the letters. They're terrible!

Janet Bowers
No Address Given

Thank you for showing us your MAD Rejection Slip. Now, here's mine:

> ALLAN ZINK
> GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK
>
> Dear Editor:
> ECH-H-H-H-H-H!
> The Reader

You guys should leave an empty space in the Letters Department for readers like me who never get their letters printed. Then we can write them in ourselves.

Bob DeMello
Brooklyn, N. Y.

For Unprinted Letters?

COVER

The cover painted by J. Fred Muggs was a masterpiece. I hope you continue with your growing line of triumphs.

Mike Conners
Beach Haven, N. J.

At last your cover paintings begin to make sense!

Jon Hartzell
So. Pasadena, Calif.

Idiots! You printed it upside-down!

Steve Ellerbroek
Richmond, Va.

Extraordinary! Please show us some more work by this talented genius.

Nat Weber
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Extraordinary?

I think that the chimpanzee that painted your March cover should draw the rest of the magazine!

Kenny Cohen
Highland Park, Ill.

OWNERSHIP

I've been reading and laughing at your mag for quite a while now. But in the last issue, the article entitled "Statement of Ownership" was the funniest thing I've ever read.

Johnny Schmon
Clifton, N. J.

LETTERS DEPT.

"MAD" WEEK

This year for "Sammy Week" we have chosen as our theme "Sammy Goes MAD." All proceeds go to charity.

Sigma Alpha Mu Fraternity
Mu Eta Chapter
Drexel Institute of Technology
Philadelphia, Pa.

"MAD" CAMP

Each summer at camp we conduct a celebrity poll. For the second successive year, MAD has been voted the most popular magazine at camp.

I. A. Rosenthal
Camp Orinsekwa
Niverville, N. Y.

BABY SITTING

Who goofed? The best story you ever had in all your issues was "Goldie Moll and D' Tree Bulls," and you had to go and cut it off without finishing it!

Bob Wade
Belvidere, N. J.

The article about racketeers taking over baby sitting jobs was unnecessary. The way you talk, you'd think the country was run by hoodlums and gangsters.

The Boys
Apalachin, N. Y.

INVENTOR

I think that your biography of Arthur A. Freen was the funniest and best-written story in the magazine.

Gene Tortora
Elmhurst, N. Y.

Golly! Gee! I didn't know it was Arthur A. Freen who invented the *wrench!*

Everett Spencer
Hingham, Mass.



Invented Wrench?

Yeah! Well, you guys just wait till next year!

Arthur A. Freen
Detroit, Mich.

AREA

Gentlemen! A lot 419 feet by 22 inches isn't 800 square feet, it's 768.166 square feet.

Robert Rickover
Dept. of Mathematics
Yale University

BARKER AD

Would you please tell me who the man in the picture, who is not who I think it is, but a double bearing a startling likeness who you got much cheaper, is?

Steve Albers
San Antonio, Texas

If the man in the ad isn't Ernie Kovacs, who is he?

Robert Ebenroth
Cicero, Ill.

You mean the guy in the Barker ad isn't Clark Gable?

Dale Anderson
Fredonia, N. Y.

You can't fool me! I'd recognize Jerry Lewis anywhere!

Dean Martin
Las Vegas, Nev.



Kovacs? Gable? Lewis?

IT'S CRACKERS

"Potrzebie" and "Axolotl" I can take! Maybe even *"I had one grunch but the eggplant over there."* But what on earth does "It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide" mean?

Michel Steinfeldt
Brookline, Mass.

What in the name of Alfred E. Neuman does that mean????

Jay P. Hunt
London, Ontario, Canada

Whatzitmeananyhow?

Steve Davidson
Madison, N. J.

"It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide," is good advice.—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD, Dept. 39, 225 Lafayette St., N. Y. 12, N. Y.

SCRAMBLE THEM EGGHEADS DEPT.

The Russians, who have a habit of giving us problems, gave us a dilly when they launched Sputnik and Muttnik . . . problem being: what to do about the dangerous shortage of scientists here in America? It seems that most kids today choose careers where they can make **money** rather than careers where

HOW TO MAKE AMERICA'S SCIENCE

THE TV WESTERN



THE SPORTS INTERVIEW



**The Ten Commandments—THE GIDEON SOCIETY

they can use their **brains.** So, because we all made the same mistake, the staff of **MAD** suggests that an all-out effort be started by the Press, Television, and Movies to arouse the interests of America's teen-agers in science and careers in science. Here, then, is **MAD**'s own plan on . . .

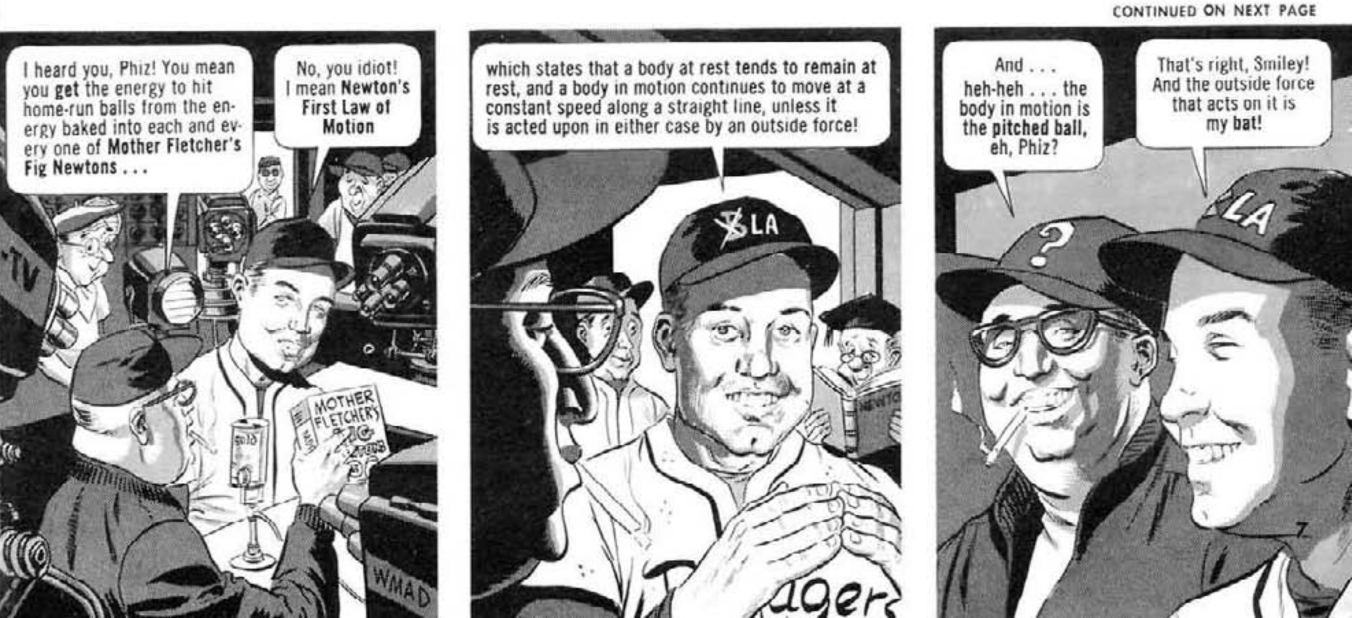
KIDS . . .
CONSCIOUS

**My Gun is Quick—3-IN-1 OIL



PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



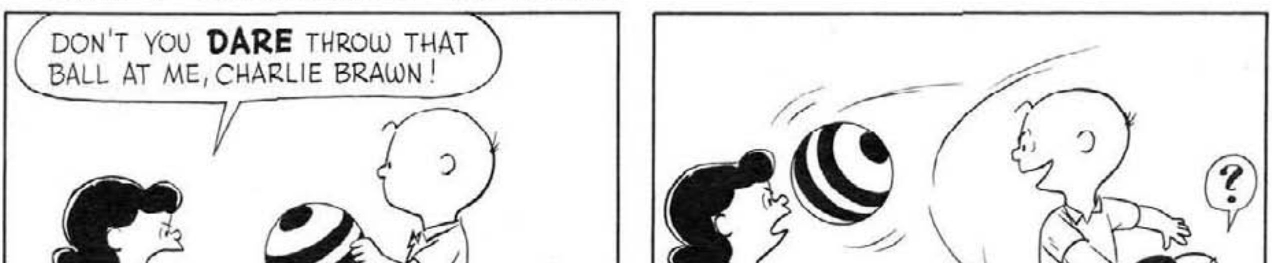
THE CRIME MOVIE



THE GIRLIE SHOW

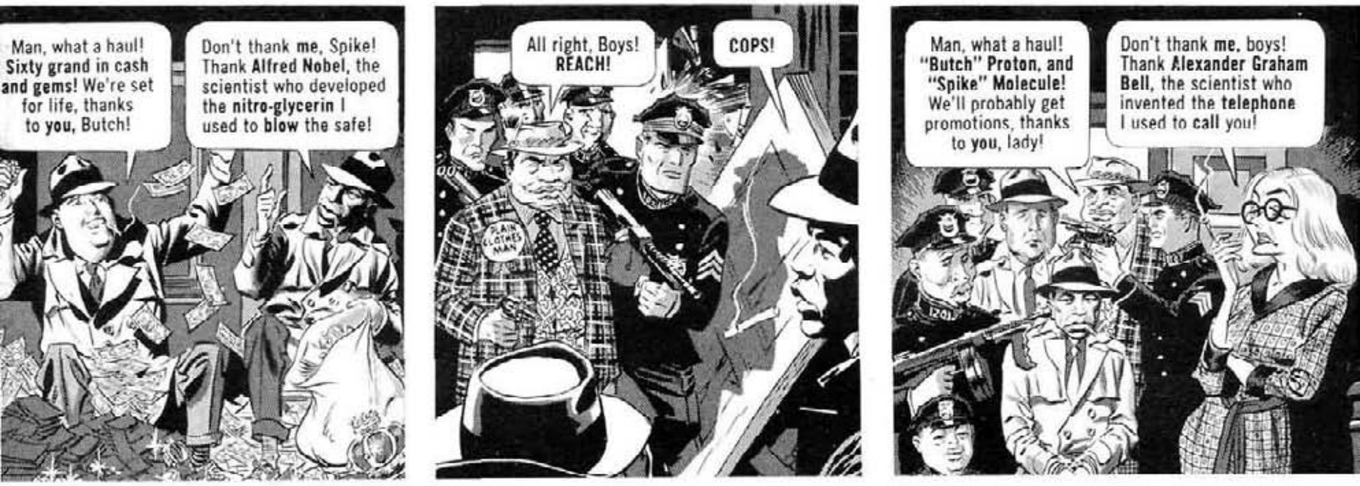


THE COMIC STRIP



**Noah's Ark—NABISCO ANIMAL CRACKERS

**Anastasia—MAFIA, INC.



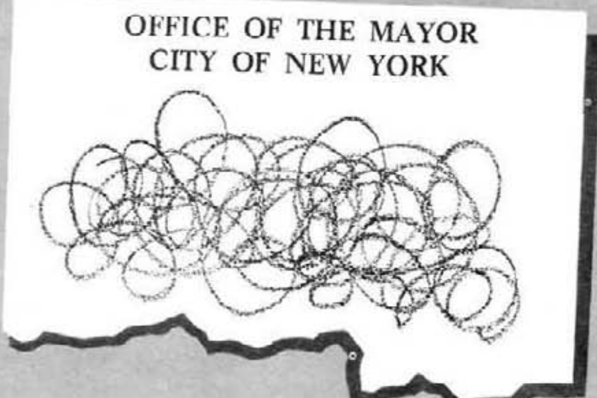
**Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—TINTAIR





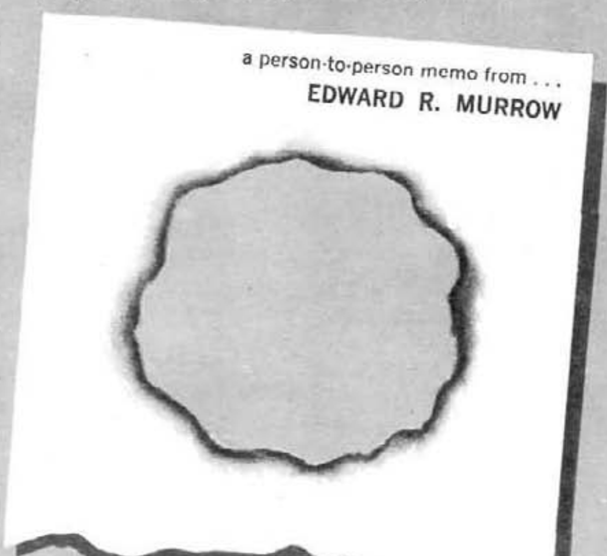
MEMO RANDOMS DEPT.

In the interests of scientific research, in the interests of getting high-class articles for **MAD,** and mainly in the interests of earning extra money, we took a part-time job cleaning up some big New York office buildings after hours. While scrounging through wastepaper baskets, we came up with a fascinating collection of unconscious scribblings which (with the aid of a 25¢ book on psychology) enabled us to present this revealing analysis of some famous people's . . .



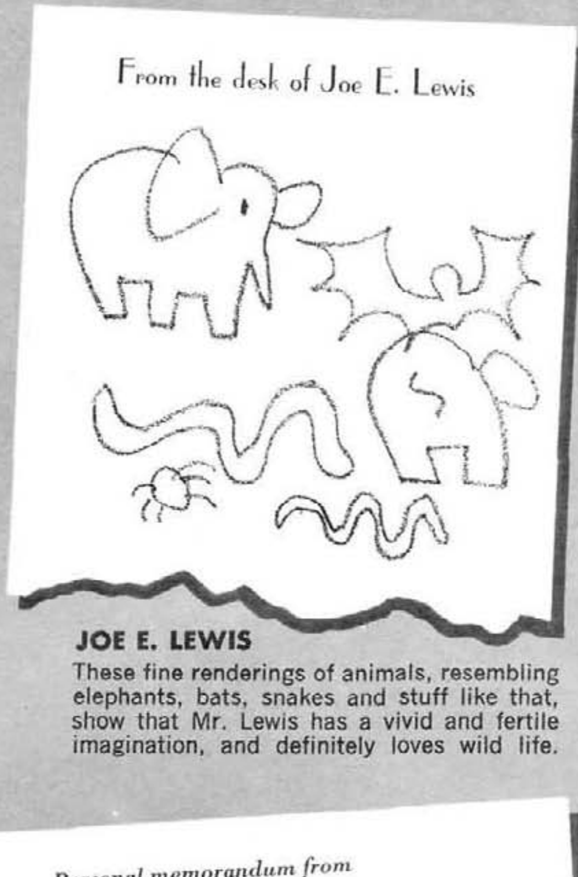
ROBERT F. WAGNER

Even in his unconscious moments, the Mayor is constantly concerned with the problems of his city, as this detailed sketch of New York's complicated highway system clearly indicates.



EDWARD R. MURROW

We would have loved to analyze the doodles of so worldly and distinguished a man as Edward R. Murrow, but unfortunately some clod burned a hole in our sample with his fool cigarette.



JOE E. LEWIS

These fine renderings of animals, resembling elephants, bats, snakes and stuff like that, show that Mr. Lewis has a vivid and fertile imagination, and definitely loves wild life.

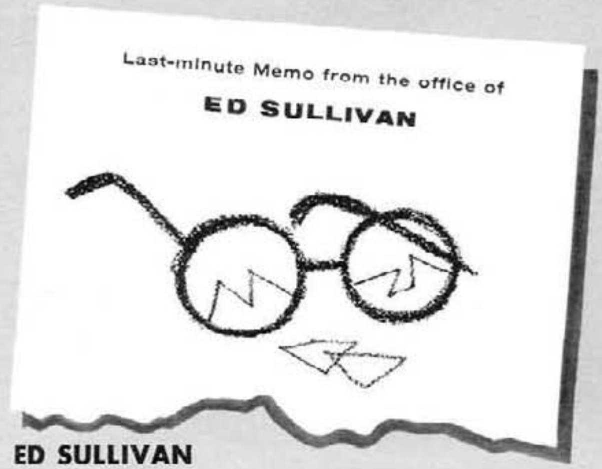


RICHARD M. NIXON

These drawings, resembling bent and broken golf clubs, apparently indicate Mr. Nixon's strong, frustrated desire to excel, or go a step further in some field, possibly sports.

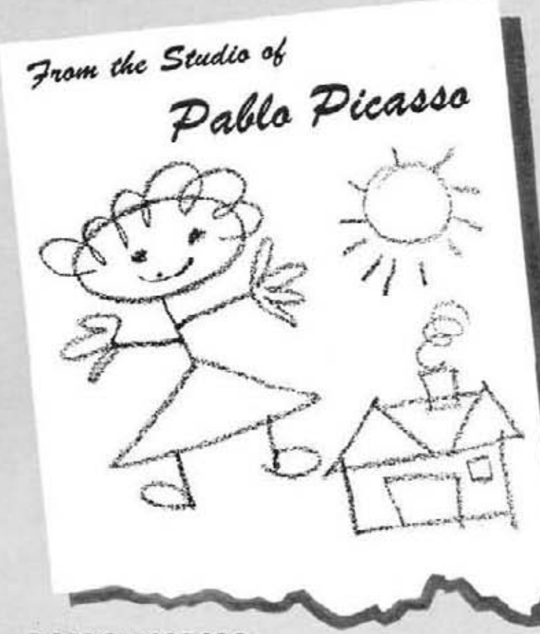
SCRATCHPAD DOODLES

SCRAWLS BY BOB CLARKE



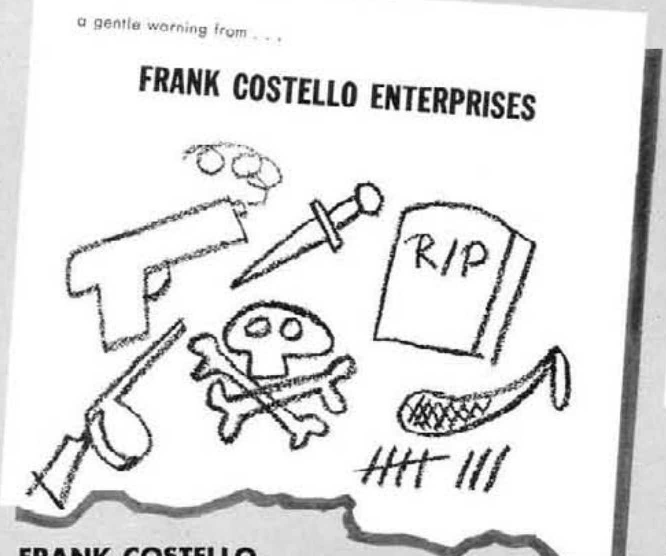
ED SULLIVAN

There is no doubt that these broken glasses represent a violent desire of Mr. Sullivan's. After careful consideration of Ed's life and career, we've decided that, actually, he really wanted to be an Optometrist.



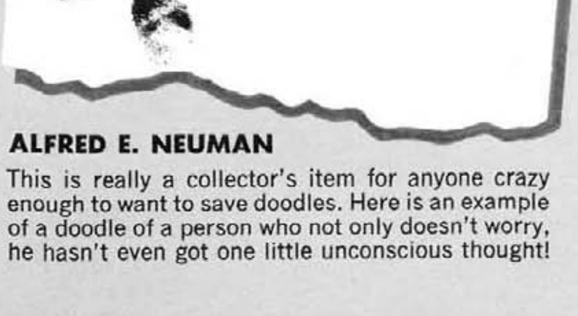
PABLO PICASSO

Artistically, these sketches could be a manifestation of Mr. Picasso's belief that all forms should be reduced to the utmost of simplicity, or else they could simply mean that the old boy's finally flipped his lid.



FRANK COSTELLO

This celebrity's over-emphasis and pre-occupation with crime and death symbols clearly shows his main love: curling up with a good mystery book.



ALFRED E. NEUMAN

This is really a collector's item for anyone crazy enough to want to save doodles. Here is an example of a doodle of a person who not only doesn't worry, he hasn't even got one little unconscious thought!

HOME IS WHERE THE HOUSE IS DEPT.

We've been reading about how people today, in an effort to find fresh air, sunshine and elbow-room, are migrating in droves to the suburbs. In other words, they say, "The cities are on their way out!" We disagree! We say . . .

THE SUBURBS ARE ON THEIR WAY OUT!



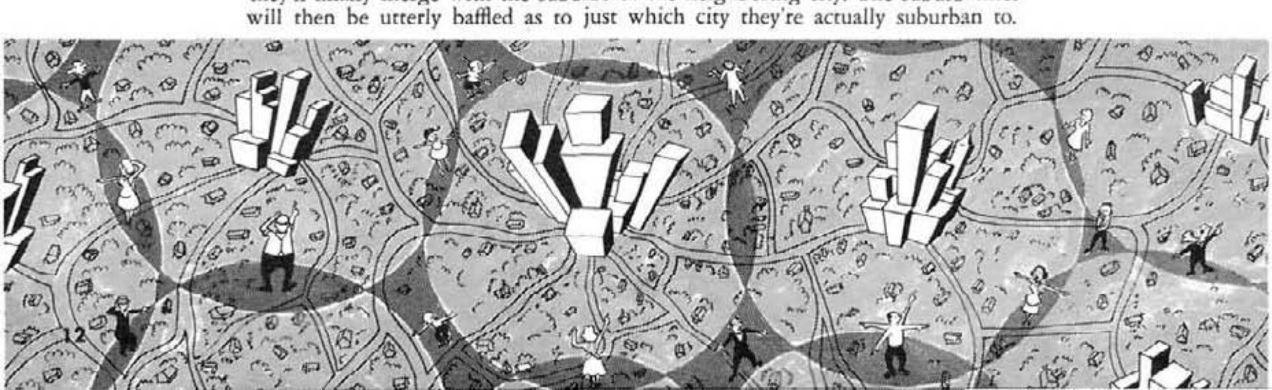
Let's look at the facts! It's true that more and more people are abandoning their upholstered cliff dwellings and moving out to little ranch houses in the suburbs.

STORY AND PICTURES BY DAVID BERG

And it's also true that, eventually, the city will be nothing more than a deserted ghost town each night after the business district has emptied out and closed down.

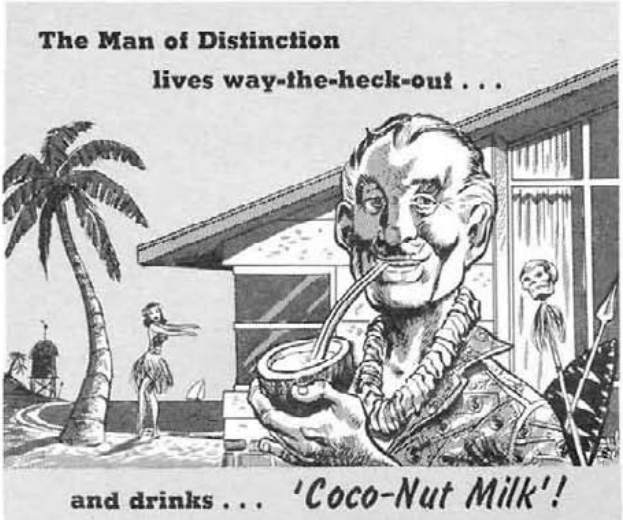


However, there will come a time when the suburbs will spread so far from the city, they'll finally merge with the suburbs of the neighboring city. The suburbanites will then be utterly baffled as to just which city they're actually suburban to.



**Picnic—GULDENS MUSTARD

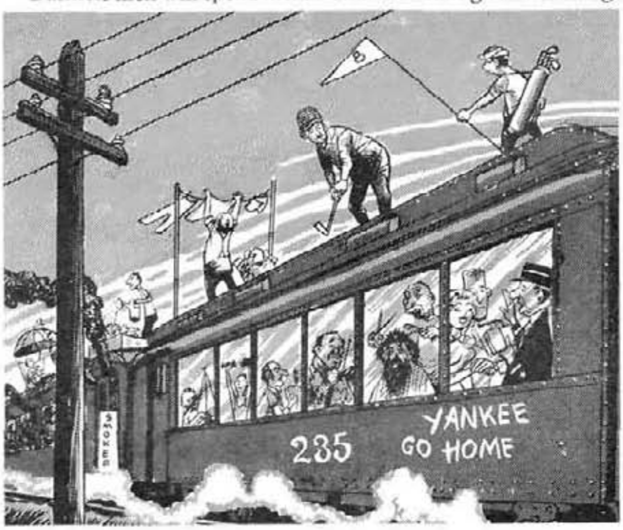
The distance one commutes will be the yardstick by which a man's importance will be measured. We'll see ads like:



People will move so far out, they'll commute by train... to the airport...where they'll catch the commuter plane.



Business men will spend more hours commuting than working.



Getting to work late won't be measured in hours, but days.



And so, eventually, to meet this problem head-on, factories and offices, too, will be forced to abandon the cities and move to new locations far out in the suburbs.





**The Wayward Bus—AMERICAN AIRLINES

And before you know it, the crowded suburbs will become cities, and the abandoned cities will become suburbs, and people will be packing up and moving back for elbow-room.



So, like we said, the suburbs are on their way out! The cities will come alive again. Only difference will be that ex-suburbanites will have gotten used to one way of life... the ranch house. City apartment houses of the future will consist of ranch houses piled one on top of the other, with a mortgage separating each.

END

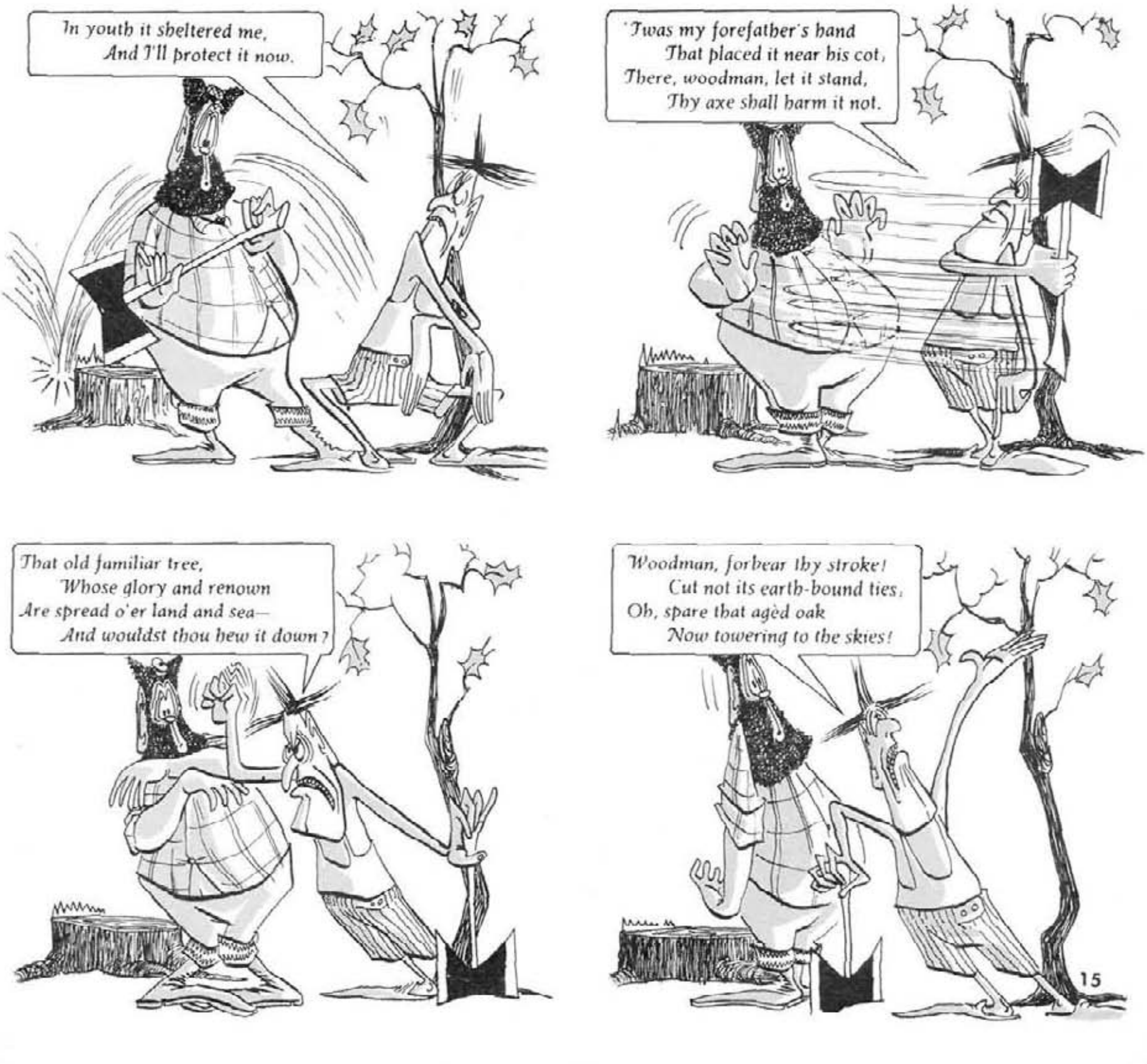
POETRY DEPT.

There is nothing as inspiring as a poem . . . unless it happens to inspire Don Martin! F'rinstance here is his interpretation of

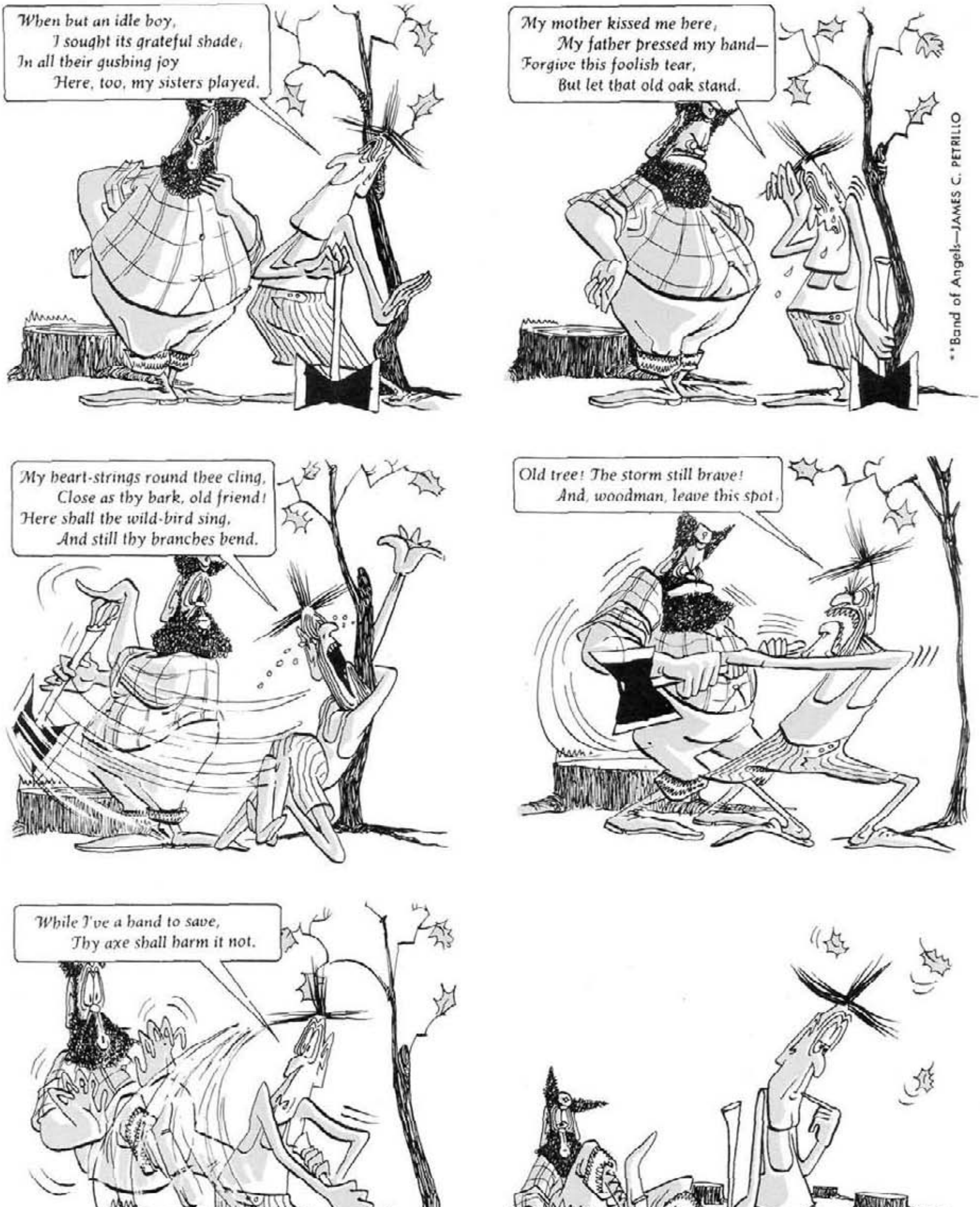
WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

by George Pope Morris





**Love Me Tender—THE SWIFT PACKING CO.



**Band of Angels—JAMES C. PETRILLO

THE BARD OF BIRDLAND DEPT.

Now that we've got you in a poetic mood, we figure it's a good opportunity to continue with our campaign of spreading culture by presenting another . . .

SHAKESPEARE UP-TO-DATE

THE BALCONY SCENE FROM ROMEO AND JULIET
ACT II SCENE II

THE OLD VERSION

JULIET: O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
ROMEO: (ASIDE) Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
JULIET: 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's a Montague? it is not hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.
ROMEO: I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth, I never will be Romeo.
JULIET: What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?
ROMEO: By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am;
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
JULIET: My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
ROMEO: Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.
JULIET: How camest thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
ROMEO: With love's light wings
Did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
JULIET: If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
ROMEO: Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
JULIET: I would not for the world they saw thee here.
ROMEO: I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
JULIET: By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
ROMEO: By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

THE MAD VERSION

JULIET: O, Romeo, Romeo! Where'd you hook this Romeo?
Put down your old man and lose that label;
Or, if you won't buy the bit, tell me I'm your chick,
And I'll, like, cut out from this Capulet scene.
ROMEO: (OFFBEAT) Shall I dig more, or shall I come on now?
JULIET: It's only your tag that hangs me up;
You're you, pops, even tho you pad with the Montagues.
What's this Montague ribble? It's no hand, foot,
Goatee, hot lips, or any other stuff
Belonging to a hipster. Man! Latch on to another tag!
What's in a tag? that which we call a horn
By any other sound would blow as cool;
So old Romeo, if they didn't pin him Romeo,
Would still be the end, and come on hip;
Romeo, stash that tag which doesn't swing,
And, like, start to make it
With me instead, hear?
ROMEO: I get the message, lover.
Call me your boy, and I'll blow a new sound;
Tomorrow, I ditch this Romeo jazz.
JULIET: Who are you, man, that comes from left-field
To horn in on my solo?
ROMEO: By a label
I know not how to clue you in;
My label, baby doll, is unhip to me,
Because it bugs you the most;
Had I inked it, I would snag the bit.
JULIET: My lobes have not yet dug a hundred notes
Of your jive, but, like, I'm woke to your sound;
Man, aren't you old Romeo, from the Montague combo?
ROMEO: Neither, chick, if you don't groove their group.
JULIET: How'd you make it here, hip me? and how come?
Like, the walls are crazy big and wild to scale;
And the scene uncool for you, Daddy-O,
If any of the brass catch your act.
ROMEO: I'm high on this love kick
So, like, I flew over this ribble,
For love can come on in any groove;
'Cause nothing stops its frantic beat;
That's why your group don't bug me, hear?
JULIET: If they spot you, Buster, they'll conk you out.
ROMEO: Fan it! there's more action in your crazy red eyes
Than twenty of their switch-blades; just look cool,
And I can buck their jazz.
JULIET: I don't want those cats to dig you here.
ROMEO: I have night's drape to black me out;
Just have eyes for me, and let them pull me in;
My life were better busted by their noise,
Then if I couldn't have a ball with you.
JULIET: Who finked on how to find my shack?
ROMEO: Love, baby, love first bugged me to plea;
It put me wise, and I stayed with it.
I'm only a sideman; but if your pad were
Over in Jersey,
I would make the scene for such crazy action.

**Baby Doll—MADAME ALEXANDER

BIG BROTHER IS MOTIVATING YOU DEPT.

Whether it's magazines, TV, billboards, or even MAD T-shirts, wherever we look these days there's an advertisement. Up to now, we've had the prerogative of reading these ads if we so desired. But now, Madison Avenue has come up with a new advertising technique... officially known as subliminal projection. *We* call it

SNEAKY

HOW IT WORKS...



What happens is, you're sitting in a theater, watching this movie, when . . .



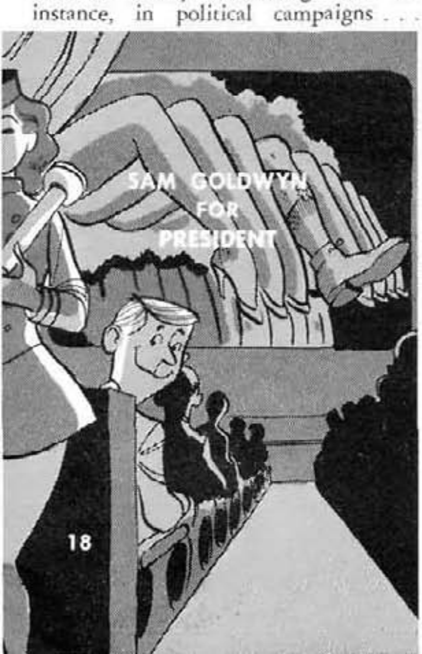
Suddenly, an advertisement is flashed on the screen for 1/3000 of a second.



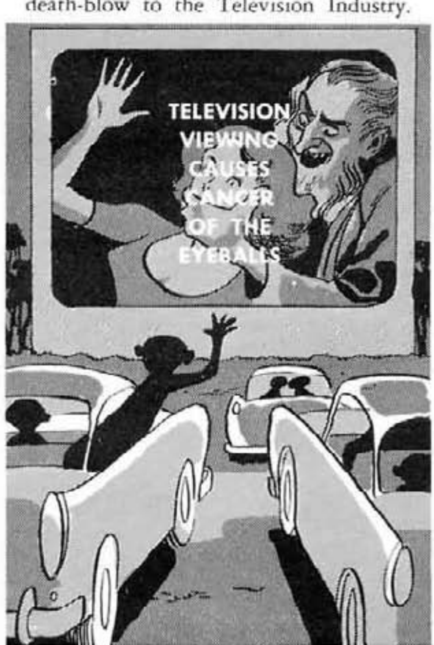
This message is flashed so fast, you are not even consciously aware of it.

HOW IT CAN BE USED...

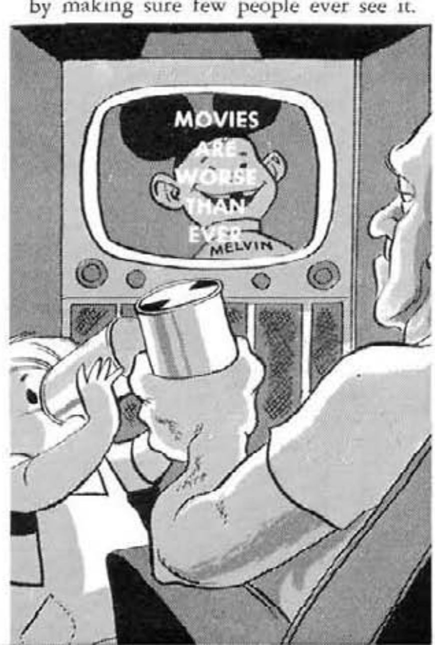
Think of the potential uses for this kind of sneaky advertising. Like for instance, in political campaigns . . .



Or like if the Movie Industry wanted to eliminate competition by dealing a death-blow to the Television Industry.



Unless the Television Industry wanted to render that possible use harmless by making sure few people ever see it.



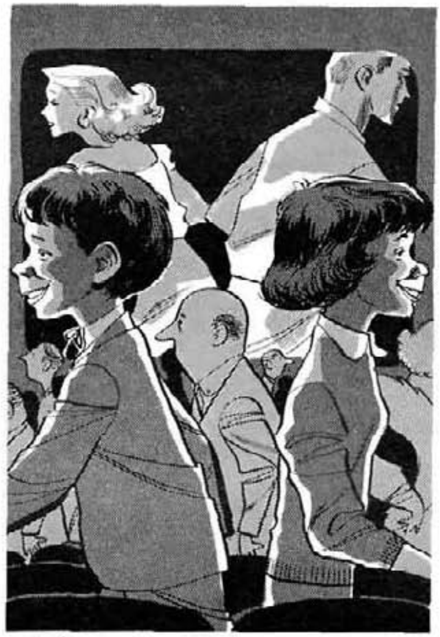
**Friendly Persuasion—THE DALE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

ADVERTISEMENTS

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE



But . . . *hoo-hah!* Your unconscious mind is plenty aware! It read the message!

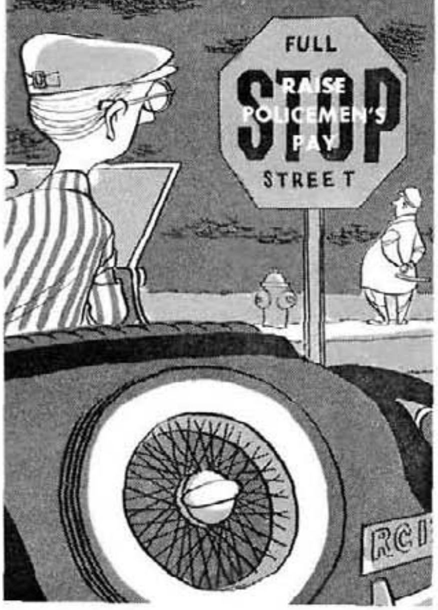


And now, you suddenly have an amazing craving to drink a bottle of "Coke"!



This is amazing mainly because all of your life you've always hated "Coke"!

Then there's always the use special-interest groups could make of sneaky advertising on signs we *must* look at.



The Army could solve one of its big problems and keep the GI morale high by strategically placed suggestions.

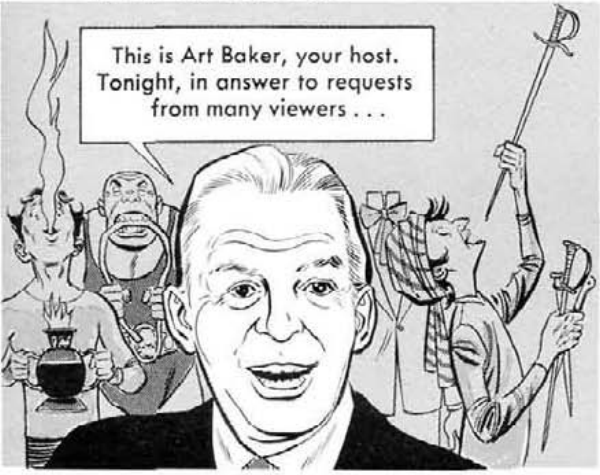


And best of all, some sneaky ads here and there, and people could be influenced into reading good books again.



TV SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

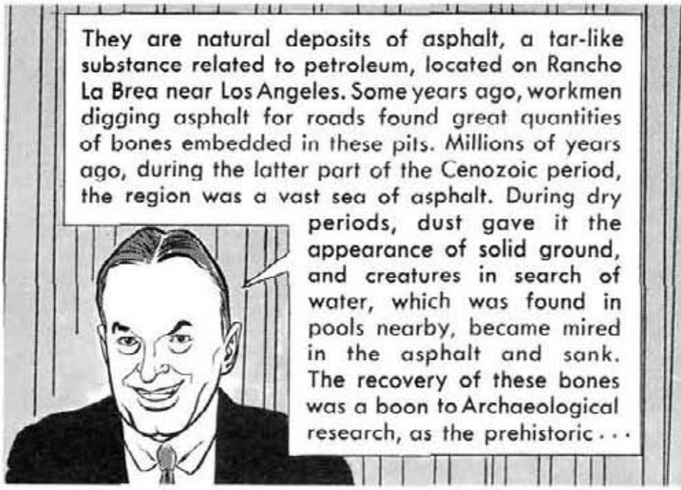
THE REQUEST



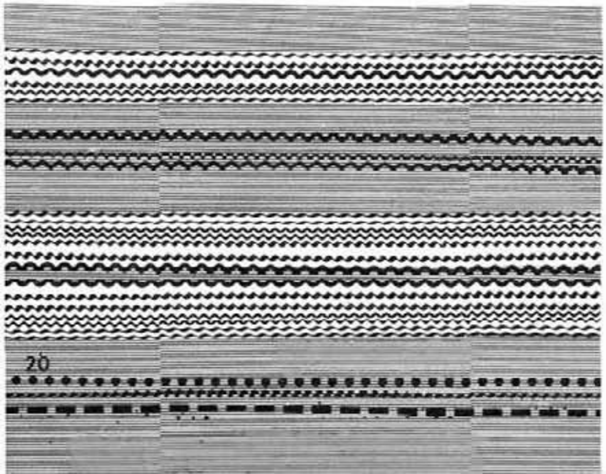


THE LOCAL JOKE





THE LOUSY PICTURE



THE TROUBLE IS NOT WITH THE NETWORK NOR IS IT WITH THE STATION!

PLEASE ADJUST YOUR SET

THE AWARD



. . . so the mouse said to the bartender . . .
Sorry to interrupt you Steve, but this beautiful plaque just arrived.
That's okay, Gene . . .
Steve, The National Society of Nautical Waterline Caulkers has named you . . . **Steve Allen** . . . as "*Comedian of the Year*". . .
Oh, that must be the National Society of Nautical Waterline Caulkers of **Portland, Oregon!**
That's correct, Steve. And this beautiful mahogany plaque . . .
I'd say it was **teakwood**, Gene . . .
Yes . . . teakwood. Well, it's signed by their president, Justin L. Drydock!
I believe if you'll look closely, Gene, you'll see that it's Justin **E.** Drydock!
By golly, you're right, Steve . . .
I want to thank the members of The National Society of Nautical Waterline Caulkers of Portland, Oregon, for this honor. It certainly comes as a **big surprise!**
Shall I put it back on the hook in your office, Steve?

HIGH "C", LOW NECKLINE DEPT.

With album covers looking more and more like pocket-book covers every day, we figure the record companies might as well go all-out, hire some pocket-book cover copywriters, and give a real shot in the arm to . . .

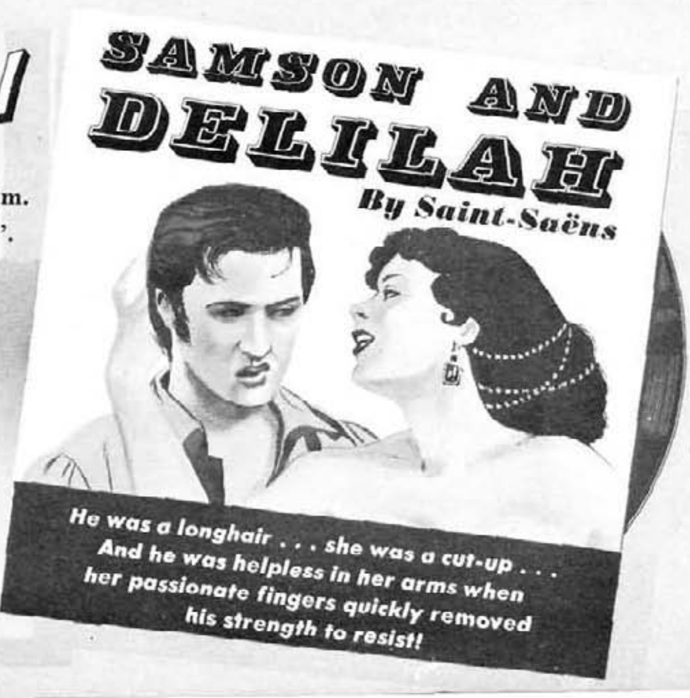
OPERA REC

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE









**Bridge on the River Kwai—POLIDENT

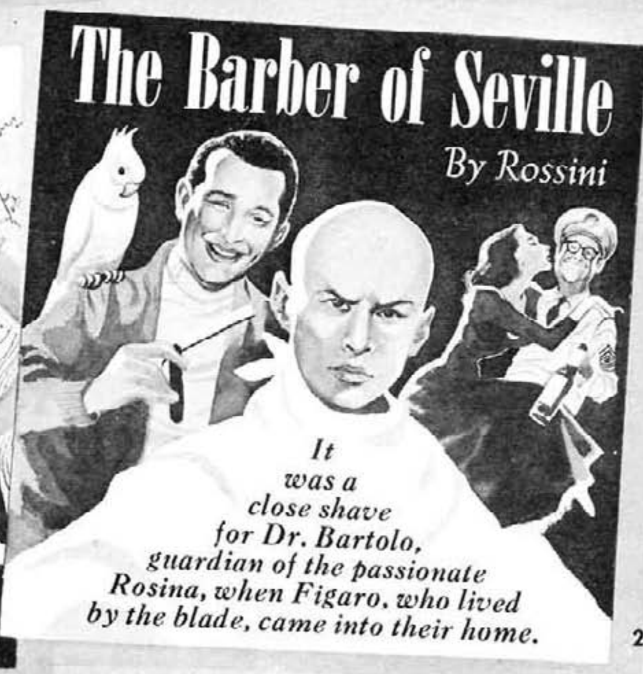
** Ten Tall Men—ELEVATOR SHOES

ORD ALBUMS







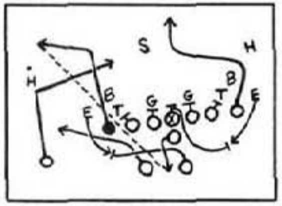


Take our advice and skip this article because you

two yard line and knocked him over for the tally, because Clodd was running the wrong way.

Neuman rooters roared when Clodd's extra-point kick sailed right between the goal posts. However, their joy was short-lived when it turned out to be his shoe. The ball was later found in a tuba of the Bali High School Band.

Coach Thurl Mushe's key play, pictured below, proved ineffective against the overpowering Bali 4-man line. Mrs. Ophelia Arabesque, however, feels that it can be put to good use by her Ballet Class.



Ineffective Key Play.

SPRING DANCE TO BE HELD IN GYMNASIUM

Despite wild protests from Libby Sue Sanders and Jan Miner, Co-Chairmen of the Student Planning Committee, Principal Horace P. Ezekiel announced yesterday that the Annual Spring Dance will be held in that smelly old school gymnasium again this year as were the twenty-two previous Spring Dances.



Highlight of Saturday's game comes when Clyde Clodd scores for the Neuman "Black and Blue." Number 49 is teammate Georgie San Georgio.

MATH CLUB DISSOLVED

Class presidents met in an emergency meeting of the Student Council last week in order to decide what was to be done about the Math Club. According to club president Ronald Klutz, the Math group had been unable to discover the mathematical error in their financial records which could explain the mysterious loss of $75.00 from the original $80.00 alloted them by the G. O. for club expenses. Wearing a stylish Hart, Schaffner and Marx suit, Klutz addressed the Council with a trembling

(Continued on page 4)

T.V. STAR TO ADDRESS SENIOR CLASS ASSEMBLY



Rocky Graziano, popular television personality, will address the Senior Class assembly next Friday. His topic will be "The Importance of Going to College." Students with questions concerning this or related subjects are requested not to embarrass the guest speaker by demanding direct answers, as he's had enough trouble memorizing his speech.



New G. O. Officers Galitzer, Howard and Walters. So, what else is new?

BLACK & BLUE WINS AWARD

The Neuman Black and Blue proudly announces it has received The Columbia School of Journalism's Certificate of Merit for Accuracy in Typography fd etaoin shrdlu

PTA AWARDS 3 SCHOLARSHIPS

Patrusky, Bollo, and Mackwitzel Chosen

At its monthly meeting last Tuesday evening, the Neuman High School PTA announced the names of the three outstanding seniors chosen for this year's Annual PTA Scholarships. Those honored were Shirley Patrusky, Louis Bollo, and John Mackwitzel. After a lengthy controversy, during which such phrases as 'partiality' and 'biased' were emphasized frequently, the awards were finally made.

(See photo below)



PTA President Mrs. A. Patrusky, PTA Vice-President Mrs. R. Bollo, and PTA Treasurer Mrs. C. Mackwitzel present Annual Scholarships to lucky winners, who comment in unison, "Thanks, Mom!"

PRINCIPAL SAYS "NO!"

School Principal Horace P. Ezekiel yesterday informed The Arista, Neuman's Scholastic Honor Society, that their request to take over the administration of the school had been turned down. Timothy C. Snodgrass, Arista president cried hysterically for twenty minutes when news of the denial reached him.

DRAMA GROUP SET FOR TWO PRESENTATIONS

The Neuman High School Thespians, under the able direction of Drama Coach Dr. Sam Katzman, are presently rehearsing two outstanding plays which they plan to stage early next month. The group has chosen one classic offering and one contemporary favorite this year. Tickets are available at the regular student price of 45¢ for each presentation. Advance sales reports show "Antigone" by Sophocles with 3 tickets sold, and "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" by Tennessee Williams with 2,079 tickets sold, which seems to indicate a trend.

...'re gonna look pretty silly on a crowded subway or bus when people see you holding this magazine sideways while you read MAD's version of a typical...

HIGH SCHOOL PAPER

DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR SENIOR BUTTONS

THE NEUMAN HIGH SCHOOL

Black and Blue

FINAL EXAMS ARE COMING NEXT WEEK

Vol. 12 — *"It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide."* — No. 2

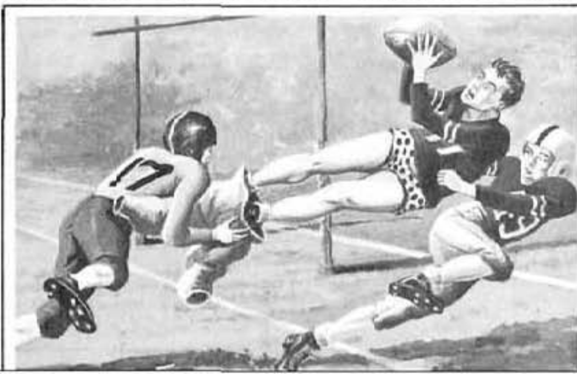
BALI HIGH STOPS NEUMAN ELEVEN 73-6

Clodd scores all Neuman's Points with aid of San Georgio

In a sensational scoring run, Clyde Clodd, Neuman second-string halfback, emerged as the hero of Saturday's big game, with fullback Georgie San Georgio sharing his honors. Although Bali High won the annual grudge game for the fourteenth consecutive year 76-6, nevertheless it was a moral victory for Neuman High, mainly because this was the first year our guys ever crossed a goal line against them.

A deafening roar emerged from the crowd as Clodd hit the end zone for the touchdown, because another fist fight had started in the stands. When local police finally restored order, Clodd was seen leading the cheer leaders in a rousing "locomotive" in his honor.

The scoring play itself might not have happened but for the quick thinking of Georgie San Georgio, who tackled Clyde on the Bali



GALITZER ELECTED G.O. PRESIDENT

HOWARD VICE-PRESIDENT, WALTERS, SECRETARY

With the final tally in, it is now a certainty that Seymour Galitzer has been elected President of this term's General Organization, along with F. Scott Howard taking the Vice-President's seat, and Omar K. Walters nailing down the Secretary's slot. Unfortunately, a photograph of the new G. O. officers was unobtainable at press-time, but below is a substitute taken last term when Galitzer was elected Vice-President; Howard, Secretary; and Walters, President. Unless maybe it's from the term before when Galitzer was elected Secretary; Howard, President; and Walters, Vice-President.





POSTAGE OVERDUE DEPT.

Each year, Congress is asked to approve the designs for hundreds of commemorative stamps. Unfortunately, only a few of these are ever authorized for printing and distribution. The rest will never feel the wet side of a tongue. Since we at MAD feel that all artistic endeavors should be publicized, here are some rejected

PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE





2046

National

Hot Rod Week

30 c. Special Delivery

Flash Gray













2053

Honoring the American

Thoroughbred Horse

$25.00 Postage Due

Sorrel



..Don't Knock The Rock —THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO.







COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS

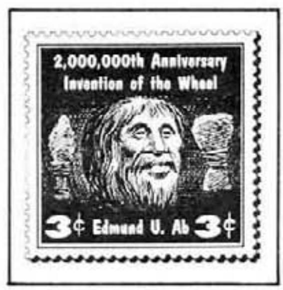








2062
National
Chihuahua
Week
½ c. Beige









2067

25th Anniversary of
the End of Prohibition

25 c.
Burgundy

2068

Melvin Cowznofski's
43rd Birthday

10 c.
Black and Blue











BOB

BOB AND RAY DEPT.

And now, make believe it's a Sunday afternoon and even though it's a beautiful day outside, you're inside... because you don't have to go outside when you can enjoy how it is outside inside by watching your television set, and programs like this Bob and Ray version of

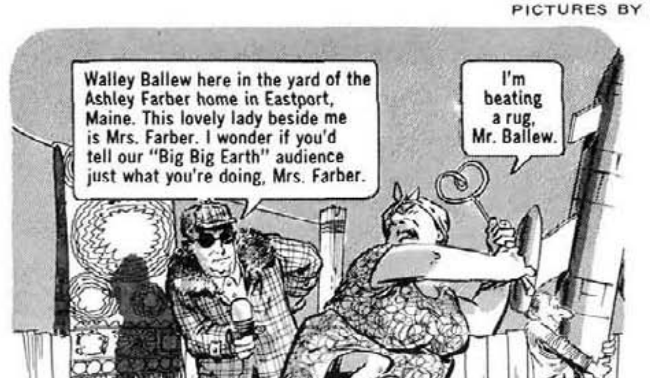


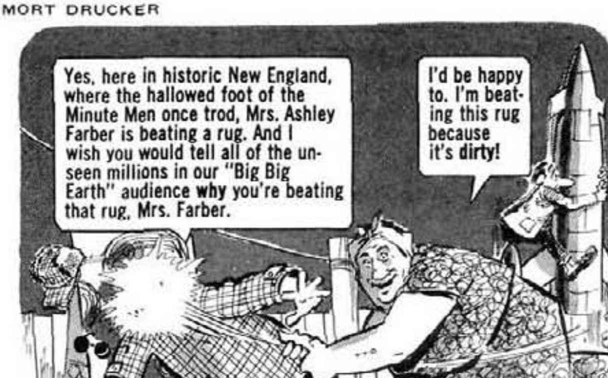
RAY

BIG BIG EARTH



PICTURES BY MORT DRUCKER






And you were also going to mention something about spring house cleaning, weren't you, dear lady? After all, that's the motif of "Big Big Earth" this week.
Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot to say that. I'm beating the rug because it's dirty and because it's part of my spring house cleaning.
And so, spring house cleaning comes to the easternmost part of this great land of ours. And on that note, we go back to Dave Sturdley in New York.
A rug is beaten in Maine, and it becomes clean again. A similar project is underway in the heartland of our great nation where the good people of Livermore, Kansas, are also engaged in spring house cleaning. "Big Big Earth" goes out there now . . . to C. C. Harkmore . . .
EAST ORANGE
WEST ORANGE
Yes, Dave, spring house cleaning has indeed come to the American Middlewest. I'm standing now in the living room of the Herbert Grebinger residence. And I wonder if you'd tell me what you're doing there, Mrs. Grebinger.
I'm running the vacuum cleaner!
And this is part of your spring house cleaning, as I understand it!
It surely is. I'd hoped to get the dining room finished, too, before the kids get home from the movies. But I don't know where the dining room is just now!



**Don't Go Near The Water—SCHENLEY DISTILLERS

PATENT PENDING DEPT.

Most people think that great inventors always know exactly what they're inventing when they're inventing something. But that just isn't so. Take MAD f'rinstance. We started out to publish a serious intellectual-type magazine, and now look at it! That's what happened with most of the so-called great inventions we take so much for granted. Actually, they were only...

ACCIDENTAL INVENTIONS

PICTURES BY JOE ORLANDO

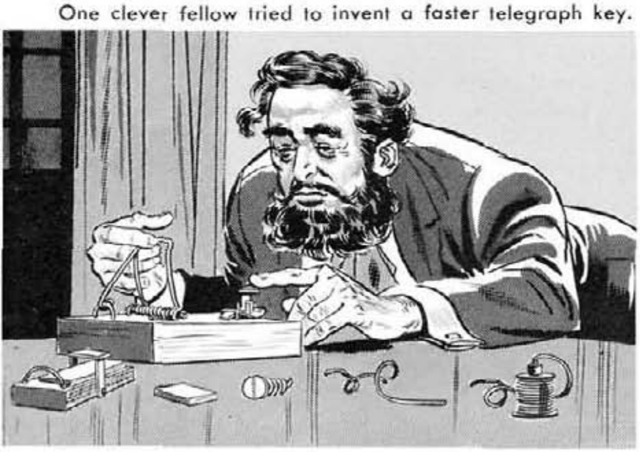
Back in the days of primitive man, one wise joker decided to invent something entirely new . . . a door to his cave . . .



Trouble was, the cave entrance was round, and his "door" kept slipping away from him and rolling down the hill . . .



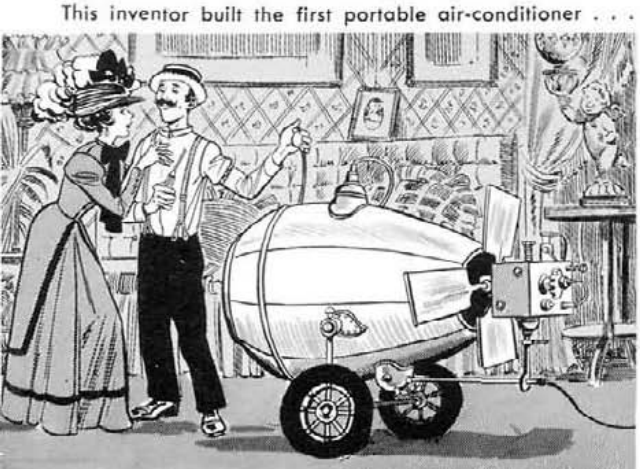
One clever fellow tried to invent a faster telegraph key.



He used too tight a spring, and got a different message.



This inventor built the first portable air-conditioner . . .

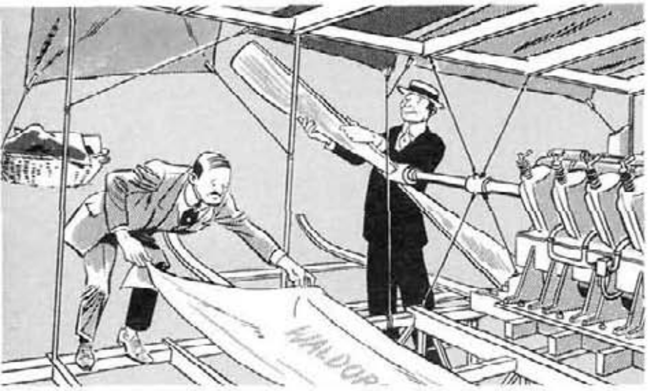


and discovered that he'd put the fan motor in backwards.

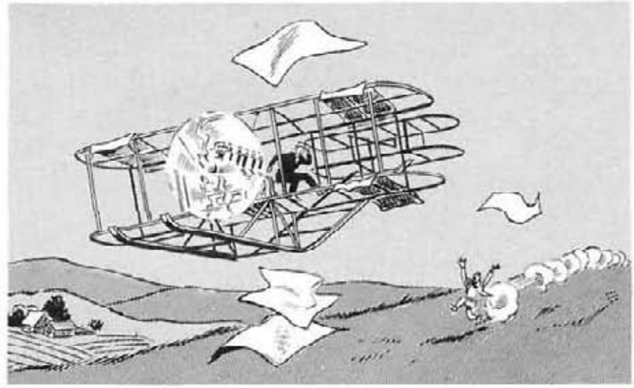


**The Sweet Smell of Success—AIR-WICK

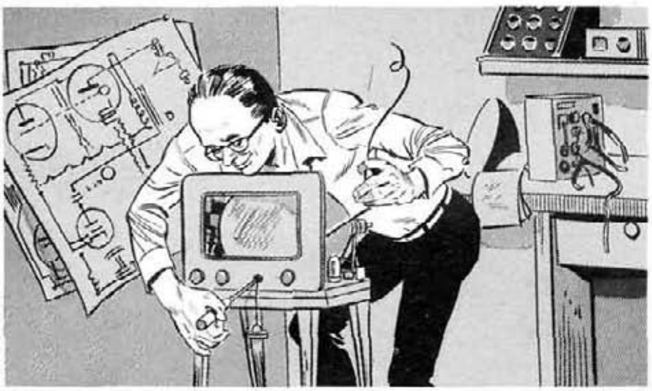
Two brothers had a revolutionary idea for a blanket-drier.



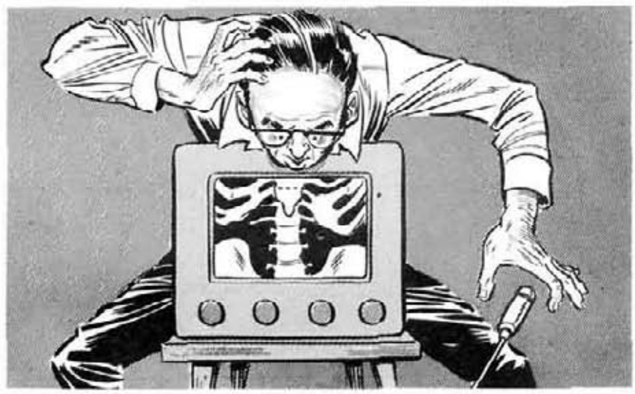
When they tried it, the blankets were left high, not dry.



This genius decided he'd build the first television set . . .



Only in the process, he accidentally got his rays crossed.



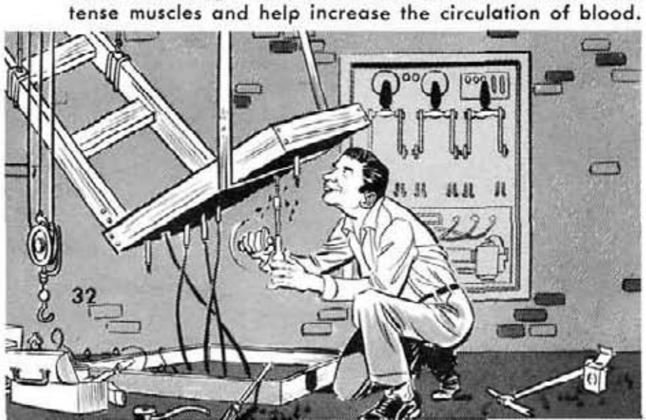
A fellow worked for years on an electric envelope sealer.



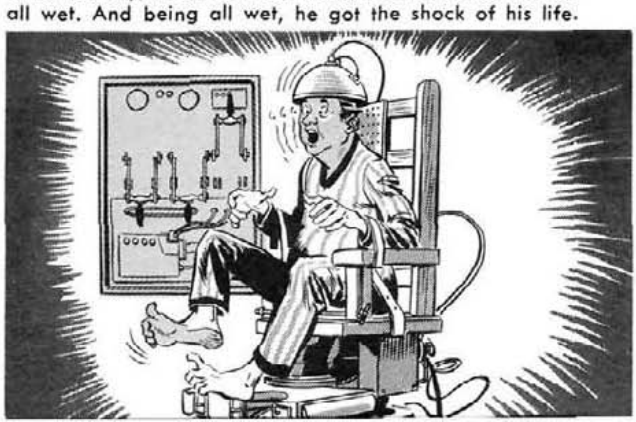
The first time he tested it out, another idea popped up.



One man thought he'd invent a machine that would relax tense muscles and help increase the circulation of blood.



Unfortunately, when he tried it out, he discovered he was all wet. And being all wet, he got the shock of his life.



PLAY'S THE THING DEPT.

Once everybody gets through introducing everybody else at a party (MAD #38), it's time to play party games (MAD #39). Most people say they hate party games, but down deep they all love a chance to make fools of themselves (MAD!). That's why party games today are either stupid, endless, or... pointless. And that's also why we are just the ones to suggest these completely new...

*Separate Tables—MUM DEODORANT

PARTY GAMES

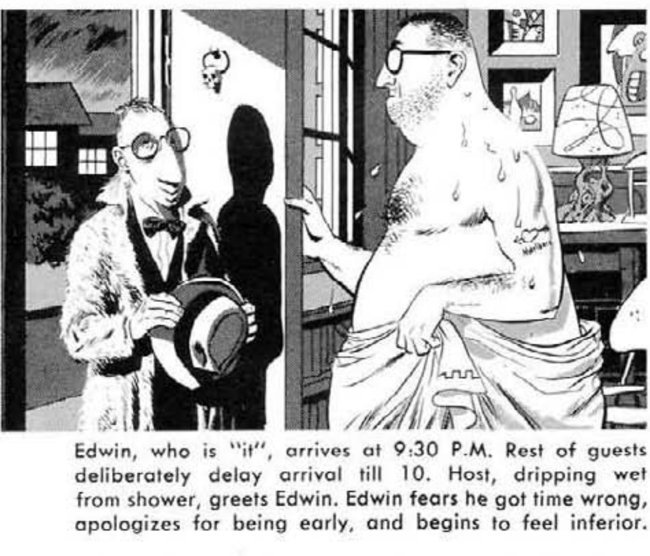
PARTY GAME No. 1

TEXT BY FRANK JACOBS

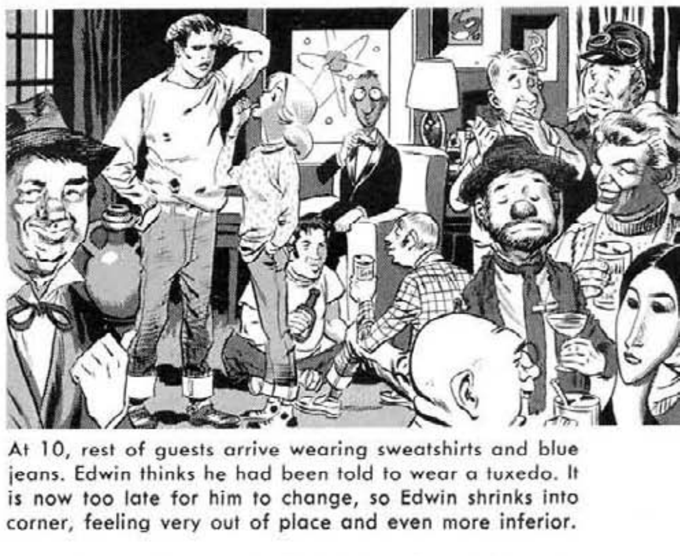
PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

INFERIORITY COMPLEX

The game of "Inferiority Complex" is planned before the party starts. The host phones each guest and says that they will be playing "Inferiority Complex" at the party and that, for example, Edwin, will be "it". This gives the guests ample time to think of things to say or do to Edwin which will make him feel inferior.



Edwin, who is "it", arrives at 9:30 P.M. Rest of guests deliberately delay arrival till 10. Host, dripping wet from shower, greets Edwin. Edwin fears he got time wrong, apologizes for being early, and begins to feel inferior.



At 10, rest of guests arrive wearing sweatshirts and blue jeans. Edwin thinks he had been told to wear a tuxedo. It is now too late for him to change, so Edwin shrinks into corner, feeling very out of place and even more inferior.

At 12 midnight, all the guests (except Edwin) suddenly bring out gayly-wrapped packages and start singing "Happy Birthday" to host. Edwin thinks he has committed social blunder by not bringing gift to birthday party, and is well on way to acquiring deep-seeded inferiority complex.



Rest of evening is spent either by ignoring Edwin, or by making him the butt of practical jokes and snide remarks. Game officially ends at 1 A.M., when guests all look for Edwin to tell him it was all in fun. Edwin will be glad to hear this, unless he has taken it all too seriously...



PARTY GAME No. 2

Super Scavenger Hunt

If Edwin somehow survives playing "Inferiority Complex", he can gain his revenge by throwing his own party and organizing a "Super Scavenger Hunt".



Scavenger teams are required to follow the above "rules".



Scavenger teams are required to bring back these "items".

At 10 P.M., the 4 scavenger teams set out to get items. Team #1, attempting to obtain Baldwin piano, starts to break into Van Gelt mansion, but is stopped by Team #2.



Team #4 heads for zoo in local city park in order to get 7-year-old African lion, but is delayed by strategically placed landmines previously planted in paths by Team #3.





Undaunted, Team #4 breaks into local art museum for the original Rembrandt painting. Team #1, however, has lined art museum walls with dozens of *fake* Rembrandt paintings.



Meanwhile, Team #2 has broken into Acme Liquor store in search of 5 cases of 15-year-old Scotch but is slowed by foolishly sampling bottles previously poisoned by Team #4.



Meanwhile, back at the zoo, Team #3 frees wild animals and sets them loose on Team #1, now busily chopping down 50-foot marble pillar outside stately City Hall building.



Team #4, attempting to capture needed Russian spy, gets trapped in murderous crossfire between Russian spy ring and F.B.I. agents, who are actually Team #2 in disguise.

However, while guests were scavenging for items on list, Edwin was scavenging their homes for valuables. Set for life, he flees country, winning title of *Super Scavenger*.

At midnight, the four teams, all claiming victory, return to Edwin's party. Amazing as it may seem, they have all managed to obtain every item on list except yellow yo-yo.



PARTY GAME No. 3 CHAOS

A GAME DESIGNED TO BREAK THE ICE, BREAK THE TENSION, AND BREAK YOUR LEASE!



GAME CONTINUES UNTIL EVERYONE IS THOROUGHLY ASHAMED OF HIMSELF. **END**

•• I Wake Up Screaming—WESTCLOX

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS DEPT.

WHY I CHANGED MY JOB

> **HELP WANTED**
>
> ACCOUNTANT experienced, salary $100 per week, liberal employee benefits, congenial co-workers, convenient location, rapid advancement, must be able to assume responsibilities. Apply Mange & Crippitt, Co., 21 Frammis Street. (Agcy. fee paid)

By DEXTER YINCKLEY

I'm an accountant and a pretty good one, too. I'd held my old job for over two years, and I felt that I'd gone about as far as I could. So when I saw the above help wanted ad, I decided to apply for the job. I really felt good when they hired me. I knew that it was a change for the better because it offered everything I wanted. Like . . .

PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

Before I changed jobs, I earned a measly $70.00 a week. You can see my take-home pay was hardly enought to live on.



Like the ad promised, my new job pays $100 a week plus liberal employment benefits. That's quite an improvement.



At my old job, my co-workers were old, dull, and uninteresting. They never took their noses out of their ledgers.



Like the ad promised, my new co-workers are congenial. They're young and bright, with well-rounded personalities.


CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

My old office was located in a very remote part of town Commuting was unpleasant, uncomfortable, and time-wasting.



Like the ad promised, my new office is conveniently located right in town. There's no time wasted getting there.



At my old job, I was just a lowly junior accountant. I knew I would never be promoted to any executive position.



Like the ad promised, at my new job, there's rapid advancement. I've already been made an "Associate Executive."



At my old job, I was never allowed to handle any of the important ledgers. For example, I was stuck in "Petty Cash" for over two years. You can well imagine how much I yearned to do something important, with responsibility.



Like the ad promised, my new job gives me responsibility. Only the boss and I have access to the important ledgers. And when the auditors check the books, the boss lets me take all the credit. Yes, sir, I know I'll go a long way!



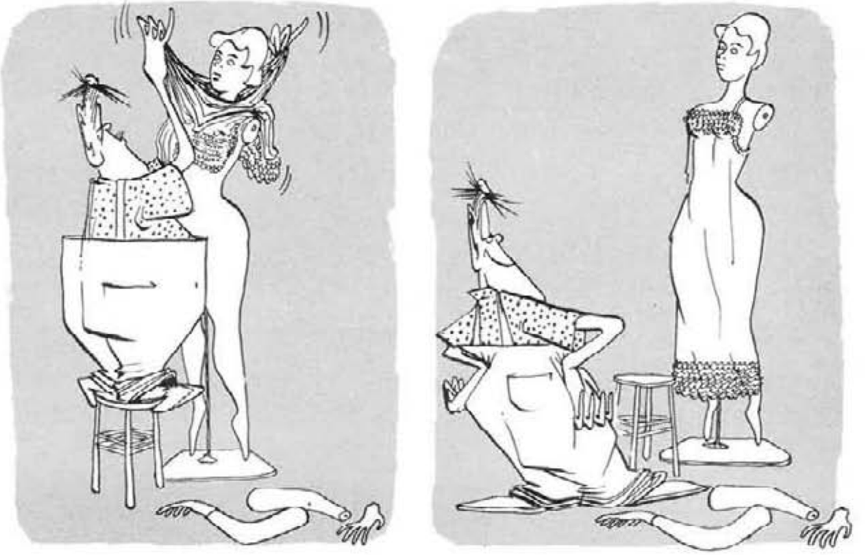
DON MARTIN DEPT.

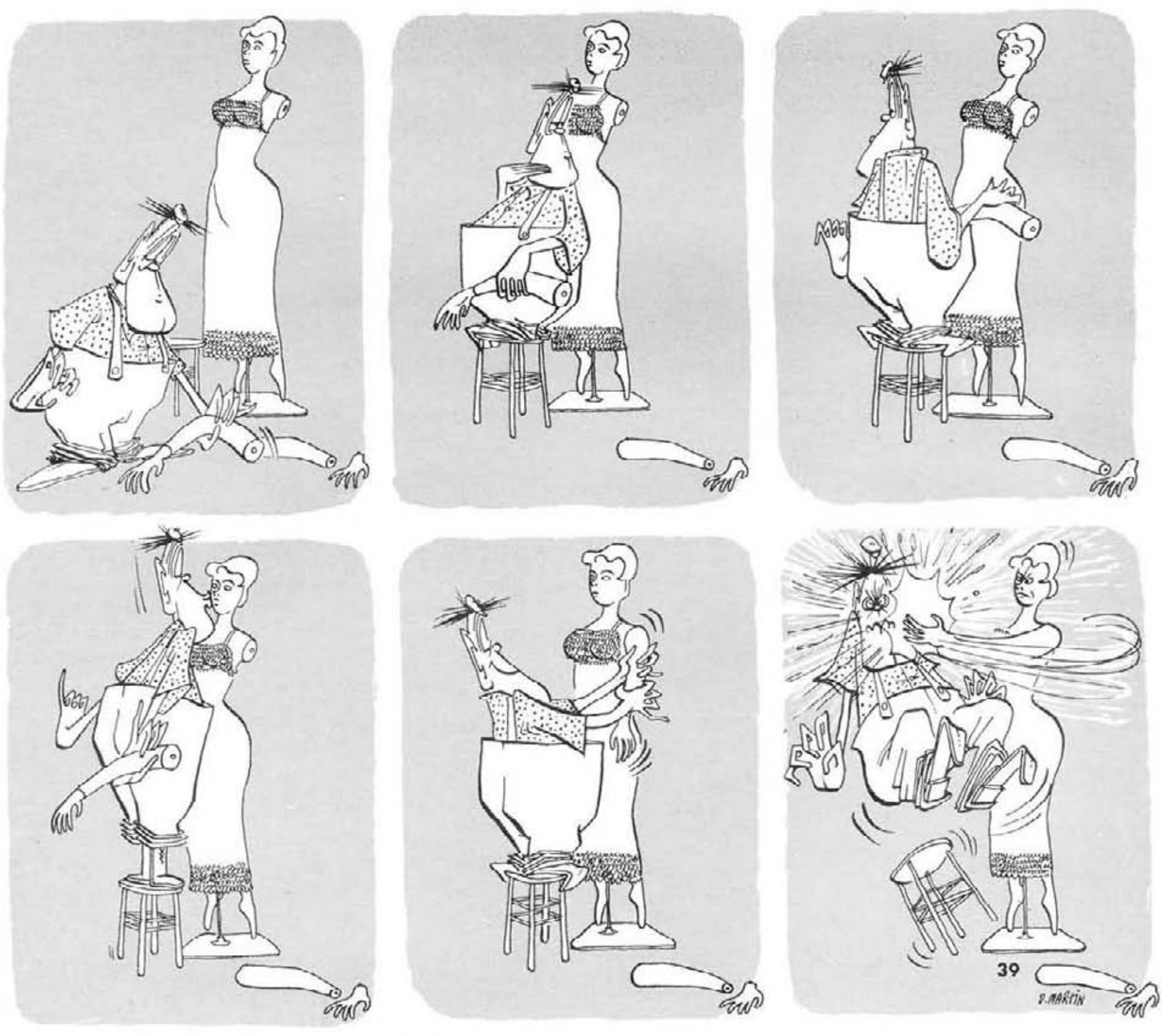
Here's another of Mr. Martin's

STRANGE TALES

He calls this one

The Window Trimmer





**Farewell to Arms—VENUS PENCIL CO.

HOW NOW BOW-WOW DEPT.

It has been said that when two people live together, they eventually start to look alike. It follows, then, that when people live with dogs, they eventually start to look like their dogs. If this isn't clear to you (and there's no reason why it should be!), then take a look at these . . .



The Bulldog's bark is full of growls;
His face is full of scars and jowls;
But do not fear his gruff exterior,
'Cause, actually, he feels inferior.





For arrogance and pure conceit,
the snooty Chow cannot be beat;
So let us firmly state right now
That man's best friend is not the Chow!





Woe is me! Alack, alas! It
Must be tough to be a Basset—
Looking so depressed and dismal,
Like he needs some Pepto-Bismal.





The Sheepdog is beyond compare;
He's one-half hound and one-half hair;
He doesn't eat, it's sad to state,
Because he cannot find the plate.



MAD DOGS AND THEIR OWNERS

PICTURES BY KELLY FREAS



Poodles live a life of ease
Without a single trace of fleas;
They sport the latest collar fashions
And only eat imported rations;
Manicured and well-perfumed,
They take great pains to be well-groomed;
Only some rich flashy dude'll
Satisfy the pampered Poodle.





I wish someone would tell us how a
Man could want a pet Chihuahua—
(Also called the Mexican Hairless)
Though, honestly, we couldn't care less!





Like an orange that turns up juiceless,
The Pekinese is just plain useless.





The Mongrel is a homeless hound
Who's glad that he's a vagrant;
You always know when he's around
Because he is so fragrant.



THE LINE IS DIZZY DEPT.

Recently, several of our readers questioned the name COWZNOFSKI, claiming it was pure fabrication and didn't exist at all. We began to have a few doubts on the subject ourselves (since Melvin was away fishing at the time and we couldn't check), so we looked it up in the local telephone directory and, to our astonishment, we found . . .

Cow Scrounge, Junk Shop, 4 Cobweb Road . . . . WOdbrg 2-1234

COWZNOFSKI—See also **COWZNOKSKY, COZNOWSKEE, COZZNOFFSKI, COWSNOVSKY** and **ALFRED E. NEUMAN**

Cowznofski, A. A., Lush, 23 Skids Row . . . . CLarke 7-5678
Cowznofski, Aaron, Loiterer, City Park, Bench 9 . . . . MIngo 4-5600
Cowznofski, Abdul Gamal, Canal Keeper, 34 Suez Gap Rd . . . . MIngo 4-4567
Cowznofski, Abie, Irish Roses, Longrun Theatr Bldg . . . . WOod 3-4568
Cowznofski, Abner, Chicken Flickr, Shinbone Alley . . . . MIngo 4-5000
Cowznofski, Adam, Hats, 45 Topper Lane . . . . BErg 9-4545
Cowznofski, Adlai E., Aspirant, Illinois House Apts . . . . DRuckr 5-5600
Cowznofski, Albert B., Editor, MAD Bldg . . . . CLarke 7-6000
Cowznofski, Alice, Blue Gowns, 4 Peacock Alley . . . . WOdbr 2-4333
Cowznofski, Aldo, Gorgenzola, 90 Provolone Place . . . . MArtn 6-3452
Cowznofski, Angelo, Spaghetti, 34 Lasagna . . . . BErg 9-3422
Cowznofski, Arpad, Spittoon Burnisher, 67 Drool Blvd . . . . DRckr 5-3489
Cowznofski, Auto Wrecker, corner Fender & Dent . . . . MArtn 6-4555
Cowznofski, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, Advt, 1 Mad Av . . . MIngo 4-5677
Cowznofski Beauty Parlor, 34 Hideous . . . . ORIndo 8-4564
Cowznofski, Benny, clarinet, 9 Goodman . . . . MArtn 6-444
Cowznofski, Betty, Refrig Consultnt, 89 Furness . . . . ORIndo 8-4543
Cowznofski Biscuit Co, cor Frutana and Oreo . . . . WOdbrg 2-6500
Cowznofski, Boris, Bolschevik, 10 Red Square call long dstnc operator
ask for Moscow 1-234
Cowznofski Broadcasting Co, Statn W-M-W, 8 Blooper . . . . . WOdbrg 2-5500
Cowznofski & Brynner, hair restorers, 8 Baldwin Place . . . . . . BErg 9-9999
Cowznofski, Carmen, piano plyr, 34 Cavellero St . . . . MArtn 6-4545
Cowznofski, Carp, Aquariums, 9 Bubble . . . . ORIndo 8-3434
Cowznofski, Charlie, Moonshiner, 78 Pot Still Drive . . . . BErg 9-2342
Cowznofski Chinese Hand Laundry, 2 Muchstarch . . . . MArtn 6-4552
Cowznofski Chowder & Marching Society, 9 Boss Tweed Pl . . CLarke 7-3333
Cowznofski Coffee Corp, 45 Drip . . . . MIngo 4-3452
Cowznofski Coke and Coal Co, 3456 Fuel Pl . . . . DRuckr 4-3445
Cowznofski Cola bottling wrks, cor Pepsi and Cola Rds . . . . . . BErg 9-4444
Cowznofski Collection Agcy, 34 Garnishee . . . . CLarke 7-7117
Cowznofski Confetti Corp, 56 Noisemaker Alley . . . . MIngo 5-5500
Cowznofski Corsets, Inc, 42-36 Gasp . . . . WOod 3-3778
Cowznofski Dry Ginger Ale, 108 Fizzle Lane . . . . BErg 9-4431
Cowznofski, David Glasgow, Admiral USN Ret, 4 Broadside . . . WOod 3-6565
Cowznofski Delicatessen, 93 Pickle . . . . CLarke 7-7777
Cowznofski, Delvin, excavations, 7 Digby . . . . WOdbrg 2-9806
Cowznofski Dog Plucking, 80 Furfly . . . . MIngo 4-9980
Cowznofski Doctor Brown Cel-Ray Tonic, 23 Moxie . . . . MArtn 6-0089
Cowznofski, Dr. L. Quackenbush, 100 Van Nostrum . . . . BErg 9-4643
Cowznofski, Dr. Scholl, 3 Zinopad . . . . ORIndo 8-3331
Cowznofski, Dwight D., golfer, 46 Gettysburg Farm Rd . . . . GOp 1-1111
COWZNOFSKI EDSEL, auto agcy, btwn Lincoln & Mercury Avs . . BErg 9-3456
Cowznofski, E. Fraud, CPA, 9 Ledger Ave . . . . MArtn 6-6671
Cowznofski Economy Furniture Outlet, 10 Borax . . . . CLarke 7-4540
Cowznofski, Elvis, Houndogs, 1 Presley Ave . . . . DRuckr 4-3440
Cowznofski Embalmers, 30 Formalde Hyde Park . . . . ORIndo 8-0045
Cowznofski Emil, Sauerbrauten, 50 Wurst . . . . MIngo 4-3442
Cowznofski Emile, Frogs Legs, 4 Vichysoisse . . . . WOod 3-3457
Cowznofski, Ernest, writer, 1 Beard Way . . . . MArtn 6-5565
Cowznofski & Fall River Steamship Co, 9 David Jones Av . . . . . BErg 9-1000
Cowznofski, Felix, performing Feline, 4 Animation Way . . . . . MArtn 6-7133
Cowznofski Fence Co, stolen goods, 40 Purloin Place . . . . . . CLarke 7-3353
Cowznofski Fertilizer Corp, 35 Pew . . . . MIngo 4-7111
Cowznofski, Figaro, barber, Seville-Rossini Hotel . . . . WOod 3-3435
Cowznofski Fig Newton Works, Molar-Cavity Blvd . . . . DRuckr 4-0987
Cowznofski Firearms, 30/06 Springfield . . . . WOdbrg 2-4376
Cowznofski Fish Markt, 34 Mac Keral Square . . . . MIngo 4-6652
Cowznofski Florist Shop, 9 Petunia . . . . CLarke 7-2342
Cowznofski Friendly Loan Co, cor Leech & Bloodsckr Avs . . . . . BErg 9-1414
Cowznofski Garage, 324 Towa Way . . . . CLarke 7-5666
Cowznofski, Gene, drummer, 1 Krupa Place . . . . MArtn 6-8907
Cowznofski, General, Nuisance, 34 Pester Ave . . . . MIngo 4-3342
Cowznofski, George, Asst. Violinist, Liberace Terr . . . . WOod 3-4500
Cowznofski-Goldwyn-Mayer, Movie Producers, 9 Nickelodeon . . MArtn 6-3450
Cowznofski, Gouge, Artificial Eyes, 2 Squint . . . . BErg 9-5699
Cowznofski & Hammer, Private Investigtns, 10 Spill Lane . . . CLarke 7-5677
Cowznofski & Hammerstein, Musicals, 1001 South Pacific . . BErg 9-7000
Cowznofski, Hathaway, Eye Patches, 78 Haberdasher Rd . . . . ORIndo 8-5556
Cowznofski, Herschel, Borscht, 29 Bagel . . . . WOdbrg 3-4498
Cowznofski Home for Friendless Axolotls, 78 Newt St . . . . . . DRuckr 5-3444
Cowznofski, Hopalong, Cap Pistols, .45 Kilgore Ave . . . . WOod 3-7764
Cowznofski, I. Sikkle, Air Conditioning, 89 Carrier Av . . . . . . CLarke 7-0870
Cowznofski, Ichabod, Pumpkin Heads, 34 Washington Irving . . WOod 3-9997
Cowznofski, Ike, Ukulele player, 9 Godfrey Lane . . . . MArtn 6-4545
Cowznofski Institute, Electrolysis, 4 Hairless . . . . MIngo 4-2877
Cowznofski Irish Tavern, 43 Mallarkey . . . . ORIndo 8-4222
Cowznofski, Irving, Pastrami, cor Rye & Mustard Aves . . . . . DRuckr 4-5500
Cowznofski Italian Pizza Pies, 2 Incredible . . . . BErg 9-2398
Cowznofski, J. McTavish, bagpiper, cor of Wheeze & Groan . . CLarke 7-4445
Cowznofski Jaw Harp Works, 34 Boing . . . . WOod 3-5672
Cowznofski, Jerry "Doom", Exterminatr, 4 Toxin St . . . . MIngo 4-6590
Cowznofski, Jose, Tamales, 356 Frijoles Av . . . . DRuckr 4-5550
Cowznofski, Juan, Bodega Hispana, 4 Caribe Pl . . . . CLarke 7-3434
Cowznofski Juvenile Furniture, 1 Pottichair Way . . . . BErg 9-6665
Cowznofski Kazoo Works, 267 Papercomb Rd . . . . MArtn 6-3453
Cowznofski Kennels, Hounds, 34 Baskerville . . . . ORIndo 8-3990
Cowznofski, Kris, Kringles, 10 North Poal Rd . . . . DRuckr 4-3232
Cowznofski, Lassie, Apt. K-9, 10084 Pooch Rd, W. Hydrant . . . MIngo 4-7609
Cowznofski, Lionel, Toy Trains, 89 Tinplate Rd . . . . WOdbrg 2-0087
Cowznofski, Lord Algernon, Remittance Man, South Sea Beach
ask operator for Tahiti
Cowznofski, Lydia, Vegtbl Compound, 98 Pinkham Blvd . . . . . . BErg 9-0900
Cowznofski, Marilyn, dressforms, 36-22-38 Monroe Pl . . . . . . ORIndo 8-3223
Cowznofski, Melvin, Undertaker, 34 Vault Pl . . . . CLarke 7-3450
Cowznofski, Melvin A., Undertkr, 35 Vault Pl . . . . CLarke 7-3451
Cowznofski, Melvin Bud, Undrtr, 36 Vault Pl . . . . CLarke 7-3452
Cowznofski, Melvin Chuck, Undr, 37 Vault Pl . . . . CLarke 7-3453
Cowznofski, Melvin Delbert, Unr, 38 Vault Pl . . . . CLarke 7-3454
Cowznofski Memorial Hospital, 7 Veterinarian Alley . . . . DRuckr 5-8865
Cowznofski Memorial Library, Horror Comics, 8 Gore St . . . . . . BErg 9-9890
Cowznofski Memorial Stadium, Cockroach Races, 7 Vermin . . WOod 3-5578
Cowznofski, Mickey, Rodent, 34 Dizzyland Blvd . . . . MIngo 4-7778
Cowznofski Mumbledy Peg Works, 9 Handstab Lane . . . . . . WOdbrg 2-0878
Cowznofski, "Muggsy", Slot Machines, 80 Tilt . . . . ORIndo 8-7236
Cowznofski Musclebuilding Inst, 88 Barbell . . . . BErg 9-4798
Cowznofski National Bank, cor Deposit & Withdrawal . . . . . . CLarke 7-0008
Cowznofski Needle Works, 11 Under Haystack Lane . . . . . . DRuckr 5-9876
Cowznofski Noodle Corp, fork of Slurp & Butter Strts . . . . . . MArtn 6-3330
Cowznofski Osszefogva International, 3 Gooph Off Pl . . . . . . WOod 3-4452
Cowznofski, Pete, Piccolo player, 46 Trill . . . . CLarke 7-7765
Cowznofski, Peter Illitch, composer, 1812 N. Ouverture . . . . . MArtn 6-6968
Cowznofski & Pew, Sewer Maintenance, 4 Manhole Rd . . . . . DRuckr 5-3456
Cowznofski Pickle Works, 45 Brine . . . . WOdbrg 2-0989
Cowznofski & Potrzebie, Pogo Sticks, 1098756 Bounce . . . . . MArtn 6-3428
Cowznofski, Quincy, Newscaster, 3 Howe St . . . . CLarke 7-6606
Cowznofski, R. Bulge, tuba player, 44 Grunt . . . . ORIndo 8-8863
Cowznofski, R.C.A., talking dog, 17 Victor Blvd . . . . WOod 3-6756
Cowznofski Raceways, Trotters, cor Nagg and Glue . . . . MIngo 4-3434
Cowznofski, Ralph "Squint", peeping tom, 1 Keyhole Pl . . . . CLarke 7-4403
Cowznofski Real Estate, Split Levels, 54 Schizoid Rd . . . . BErg 9-4945
Cowznofski Rendering Co, 4 Chickenfat Acres . . . . ORIndo 8-8803
Cowznofski Rudolph Sigismund, Psychiatrist, 44 Couch . . . . . MArtn 6-9977
Cowznofski-Schaffner & Marx, Gents Suits, 70 Taylor Av . . . . CLarke 7-3450
Cowznofski, Scott, Emulsion, 56 Codfish Row . . . . WOdbrg 2-2342
Cowznofski, Scrounge, Junk Shop, 4 Cobweb Road . . . . BErg 9-7760
Cowznofski, Shyster & Cowznofsky, attys, 9 Ambulance . . . . DRuckr 5-3000
Cowznofski, "Skats", Hamsters, 2 Often . . . . MArtn 6-4827
Cowznofski, "Skeets", Rabbits, 2 Frequently . . . . MArtn 6-4828
Cowznofski Sky Coach Airlines, 7 Barnstorm . . . . CLarke 7-7876
Cowznofski, Smelvin, Garbage Collec, 80 Refuse Av . . . . MArtn 6-5545
Cowsnofski, Smith & Bro Coughdrops, 4 Larynx Blvd . . . . MIngo 4-6650
Cowznofski Social & Athletic Club, 78 Pool Hall . . . . DRuckr 5-5009
Cowznofski Stamp Co, 234 Scott, 235 Minkus . . . . BErg 9-3400
Cowznofski & Strauss, Nuclear Products, 4 Fallout . . . . WOdbrg 2-3456
Cowznofski Taxi Srvic, cor Hack and Meter Aves . . . . BErg 9-9897
Cowznofski, Thomas Alva, inventor, 11 Ameche Blvd . . . . MArtn 6-6564
Cowznofski, Todd, 80 Day Excursions, cor Liz & Taylor . . . . . MIngo 4-4342
Cowznofski, Topeka & Santa Fe RR Tickt Off, 9 Caboose . . . . WOod 3-0392
Cowznofski Trailways, Bus Lines, 31 Backache . . . . CLarke 7-3452
Cowznofski, Turhan Bey, 1942 Mouvie . . . . phone out of order
Cowznofski Used Cars, cor of Heap & Collision Aves . . . . . . **WOdbrg 2-4243**
Cowznofski, Vince, bootlegger, 34 Volstead . . . . BErg 9-4460
Cowznofski, Walter, Col USA Ret, 2 Chicken . . . . CLarke 7-3876
Cowznofski & Welk, Corn Dealers, 4 Champagne Rd . . . . MArtn 6-3458
Cowznofski Wig Co, Cor Transformation & Toupee . . . . ORIndo 8-9862
Cowznofski, Wrench, Dr, osteopath, 33 Lumbar Rd . . . . CLarke 7-7777
Cowznofski, Xavier, Xylophones, 9 Xantippe Pl . . . . BErg 9-3333
Cowznofski Yoyo Corp, cor of William & Gaines Sts . . . . MIngo 4-4444
Cowznofski, Zeke, Hick, cor of Parker & Fenelley Rds . . . . . WOdbrg 2-1234

POST-MORTEM DEPT.

And now MAD presents its version of the well-known national magazine that derives its title from the day it goes on sale . . . mainly Tuesday!

The Saturday Evening

PEST

February 30, 1958 *15¢*

OUR STATE DEPARTMENT—DO WE NEED IT?

By Joseph and Stewart Allslop

Cities of the World: FUNKHOUSER, ILLINOIS

THIS ISN'T EXACTLY WHAT I HAD IN MIND

By Benjamin Franklin



 CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Tugboat Annie Sinks

By DIETRICH DUNSTAN DRIZZLE

Could it be? After all her years at the helm, was Annie about to keel-haul her yardarm?

Apex Selby sat in the lobby of the Umgumtumiaki Hotel overlooking the unpaved main street of Port Aakvikalotl, and glanced over the headlines of the Skagway Gazette.

"I've been an Alaskan ship owner for thirty-seven years, now heading a fleet of seven vessels, the largest of which, the 'Primrose', is ably captained by the only woman pilot on the tundra, Tugboat Annie," he mused, a thick thatch of white hair covering his otherwise bald head.

A heavy form sagged into the chair beside Apex, and the pungent aroma told him without looking up that it was Annie.

"Why ye shark-nosed swivel-eared scabbard-sluthering son-of-a-skinamaroo," said Annie amiably, hitting him in the mouth with a hairy fist.

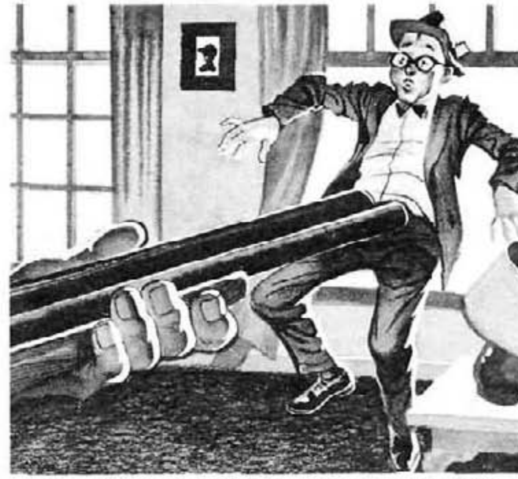
(Now that we've captured your interest, battle your way through the ads to page 427 where this mess is continued.)



Annie avasted Mr. Sutphen's outrigger. "Yer a bag of second-hand pizened tripe," she said with a note of sadness.



I finally went out to the Martin home after waiting for several days while Pete humorously pretended he didn't want to see me.



I was fully prepared to be graciously received, but I never expected anything like the welcome I got.

I CALL ON PETE MARTIN

BY FENWICK OVERSHOT

One Pest editor calls on another to gain an interview that only the Pest would dare print.

I had finally consented to interview Pete Martin, and a dozen random thoughts were swirling through my mind as my sleek new Ferrari-41 sport car rolled up the drive of his modest Connecticut home.

I remembered that I had been in Connecticut before, once to do my Pulitzer prize-winning series on Syngman Rhee, and once to buy some smoked head cheese at a Hartford grocery that specializes in such mouth-watering delicacies.

Now, wearing an expensive imported camel's hair sport coat and trim fawn-colored slacks, an ensemble that makes me appear much younger than I am, I

(Continued on page 292)

I asked Pete for a picture, and he gave me this one that he took in Yellowstone Park in 1951.



Pete reluctantly left his busy desk to show me the door after we had concluded our little chat.





The Perfect Squash

Lieutenant Smith, more than a little impressed with his own military ability after finishing first in his class at O.C.S., was assigned to be an aide to an old-line cavalry officer named Colonel Brown.

The young lieutenant proceeded to change the colonel's entire office system, prefacing each new change with the admonition that "this is the way we do it in the *new* army, sir!"

The wily old veteran maintained silence until one day when the lieutenant announced that he was going to consolidate the "Q" and "R" material in the filing cabinet because there was so little filed under "Q."

"It may be confusing to you at first, sir," the young lieutenant smiled condescendingly, "but this is the way we do it in the new army!"

The old colonel turned from the window with a wry expression on his face and said quietly:

"Ahhh, yer fadder's moustache!"

Ewald Prawn



You Be The Jury

By LUTHER ZITZLAFF

Stevie was an ex-convict who found that his criminal record hampered his efforts to gain employment. After several weeks of job hunting, he was apparently on the verge of being hired by the J & J Necktie Shortener Co. But before the hiring could take place, Stevie's past prison record was brought to light and his application was rejected. In a fit of pique, Stevie shot and killed the J & J firm's Personnel Manager. He then proceeded to file suit against the State Parole Board.

"I am a pathological criminal and the parole board knew it," he argued. "It isn't safe for me to be on the streets. If I'd been kept in prison where I belong, I wouldn't have gotten into further trouble. I demand that the state immediately put me back in stir."

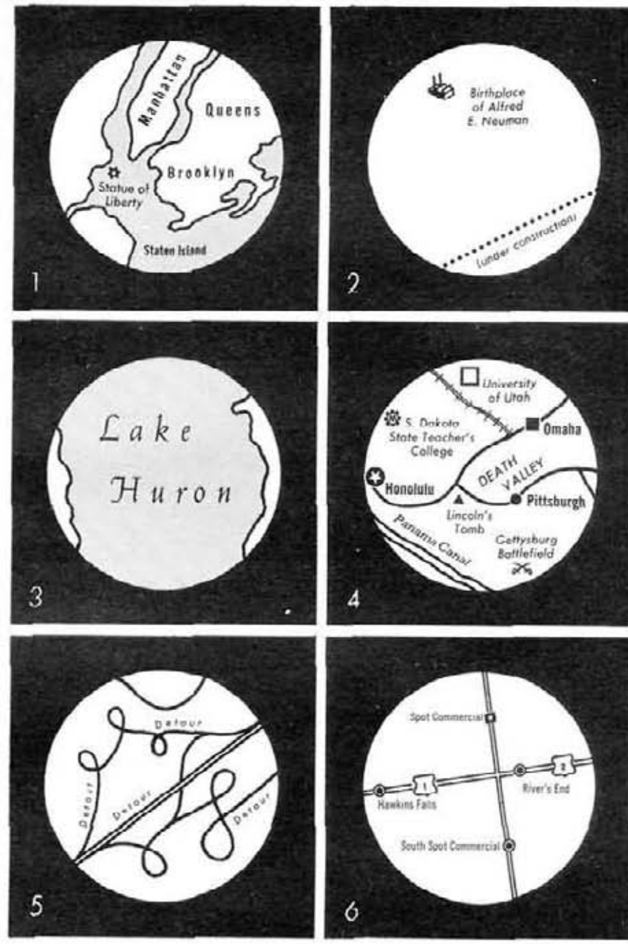
"He done his time so we sprung him," replied the chairman of the parole board. "I mean, you know . . . wha' c'we do?"

If you were the jury, would you rule that Stevie was entitled to go back to prison?

... ...

Stevie won his case. The jury ruled that since he was now a murderer, he was entitled to return to custody, regardless of the fact that he had completed his previous sentence. He lived happily at the State Penitentiary until he was given the electric chair four months later.

Based on a 1831 Utah Decision.



What State Are You In?

East, West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above is located in one state. Can you identify what state you are in?

(Answer on page xcvii)

Answers to

What State Are You In?

1. Hysteria
2. Uncertainty
3. Confusion
4. Shock
5. Well Being
6. Utah

Answers to

So You Think You Know Craps!

It is true that the missing die lay flat.

But it was not "easily readable" by all of the participants in the game.

Therefore, Pooch sat on Snake, while Trigger carved him up with a switch-blade knife.



Can You Name This Celebrity?

Though camera-shy at seven, he overcame this trait and went on to win fame and fortune before the cameras of Hollywood. A top-*ranking singer of popular* music as well as an actor, his recent recording of "I've Got to Get Back to Iceland Right Away Quick" has sold over 9,000 copies, which is pretty darn good considering the fact that it was recorded at 95½ RPM's. His most recent accomplishment, *aside from being* featured in an article in *Confidential*, is an Academy Award nomination for his work in the motion picture "A Face in the Crud." Can you name him?

Sebastian Frivvle

CORRECT ANSWER
Helen Twelvetrees



So You Think You Know Craps!

By DOMINIC 'PATSY' SCHMURGEN

Under Rule 5.28 of *The International Code of Crap Shooting and Penny Pitching*, it is clearly stated that "failure of one or both dice to land in a flat and easily readable position upon throwing shall result in a void or 'no-dice' situation." The application of this rule resulted in some confusion in an actual game situation which occurred early last season.

The Golden Dukes and the Market Street Marauders are having a friendly little game in the alley behind Dressendorfer's Pool Hall and Recreation Center. Snake Burnbaum is a $12.00 winner. Trigger Grslx is in for about eight clams. Itchy Twirp is down four bucks. And Poochy Duckgluck is approximately even.

Snake's point is eight, and he repeatedly shouts "Eighter from Decatur" as he prepares to roll. Trigger fades him for two skins, and Pooch takes a piece of that. Itchy is interested in a girl across the alley preparing for bed, and is not participating.

On the first roll, one die lands upward in a six position. The other rolls into an open manhole. Snake retrieves the die, announces that it was a two, and that he's made his point. Trigger and Pooch invoke Rule 5.28, arguing that the dice were not "easily readable." Snake replies that he found the missing die lying flat and easily readable in the sewer. So saying, he picks up all bets and pockets them.

If you had been Pooch or Trigger, what would you have done?

(See Page 7003 for answer)

NEXT WEEK

Who is this DEBBIE PERSON?
Eddie Fisher's Own Story About His Temporary Losses of Memory

WE DROVE OUR CHRYSLER TO HONOLULU
A Daring Young Couple, a Carefree Adventure, a Flooded Motor

NEW YORK FIGHTS BACK
The Story of a Town That Refused To Die

I WAS A CROQUET TRAMP
Is Amateurism Disappearing From Our Favorite Lawn Game?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO RUN OUT OF SCRATCH PAPER
A Beautiful Portfolio of Eight Blank Pages

CAN THE WHIG PARTY COME BACK?
The Story of a Group Determined To Find Another John C. Calhoun

THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS GOING MAD
Alfred E. Neuman Threatens To Replace Baseball

The LION'S REAR



Published here monthly . . . Column No. 14,228

The longest tale on the screen!

After his many years before the cameras, it would seem that Basil Rathbone could have no new firsts to add to his career.

★ ★ ★ ★

But Producer C. C. Seecamp has met the challenge in the new M-J-M release, "The Thing that Landed in Pittsburgh."

★ ★ ★ ★

"Rathbone's name has been associated with so many great pictures for so many years," says Seecamp, "we decided it would be a real switcheroo to put him in a bad one."



No one who caught the recent sneak preview could deny that "The Thing that Landed in Pittsburgh" is a real bomb.

★ ★ ★ ★

Rathbone, calling on a new facet of his many-sided talent, is cast in the role of a slapstick night club comic.

★ ★ ★ ★

He sings seven new hit songs, all badly.

★ ★ ★ ★

Ed Sullivan, who dropped in on the set during production, later told his T.V. audience, "This superb job of absolute mis-casting is a tribute to M-J-M's modern thinking."

★ ★ ★ ★

As in so many great dramas, the plot of the picture itself is a simple one.

★ ★ ★ ★

And how!

★ ★ ★ ★

It's the story of the everyday trials and tribulations of an itinerant belly-dancer, a pyromaniac steam-fitter, a discouraged oboist, and a happy-go-lucky werewolf.

★ ★ ★ ★

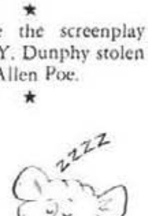
Just simple everyday folks any of us might know—and love.

★ ★ ★ ★

Ivan Sternwash wrote the screenplay based on a story by Y. Y. Dunphy stolen from a book by Edgar Allen Poe.

★ ★ ★ ★

For an incredibly long, dull evening that will make you wish you had stayed home and played a game of three-handed whist, we heartily recommend "The Thing that Landed in Pittsburgh!"



Sidney

Keeping Pested

The Lady was Surprised

Mrs. Tillie Eichorn, whose first Pest Fiction, "HONEYMOON IN TEHERAN," appears on page 26, drops us a card from her home near Conway, Ark., to say that she didn't start out to be a writer at all.

"Great balls of fire!" messages Mrs. Eichorn, "All I did was write a letter to Montgomery Ward complaining that the milking stool they sent me wobbles! Imagine my surprise when I learned that my husband had sent the letter to your manuscript editor by mistake, and that it had been accepted for publication as "HONEYMOON IN TEHERAN!"



Pest Writer in a Whirlwind

Seymour Schwab (THE EDGAR LUNDQUIST NOBODY KNOWS in the Jan. 16th Pest) writes from his farm in Desolate, Texas, that a recent tornado there completely destroyed his oil derrick crop.

"Incidentally," Seymour reflects jovially, "if I don't receive a check within ten days for my recent Pest article, I shall be obliged to put the matter into the hands of an attorney."

Life Among the Authors

Eugene Ogg, whose new serial, "WHEATIES, THE BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" begins on page 34, sends along this candid photo of himself at work in his study.

"My wife snapped this from the mouth of our cave with a baby Brownie," Ogg writes. "The baby Brownie is a distant relative on my father's side whom we are raising as our own."



Winston Backrack ("WHY THE COMMUNISTS THINK WE'RE ICKY" in the April 29th Pest) drops us a whimsical note from the big ranch near Woonsocket, R. I., where he and his wife raise albino emus.

"I was shocked to see my article in the Pest," Backrack pens in a fine even hand. "I say it's my article because you lifted the piece word-for-word from '*The American Police Dog*' of July, 1954, in direct violation of U.S. Copyright laws."

Backrack fans will be happy to know that his latest article, "I SUED THE PEST AND WON," is now in preparation and will appear shortly.



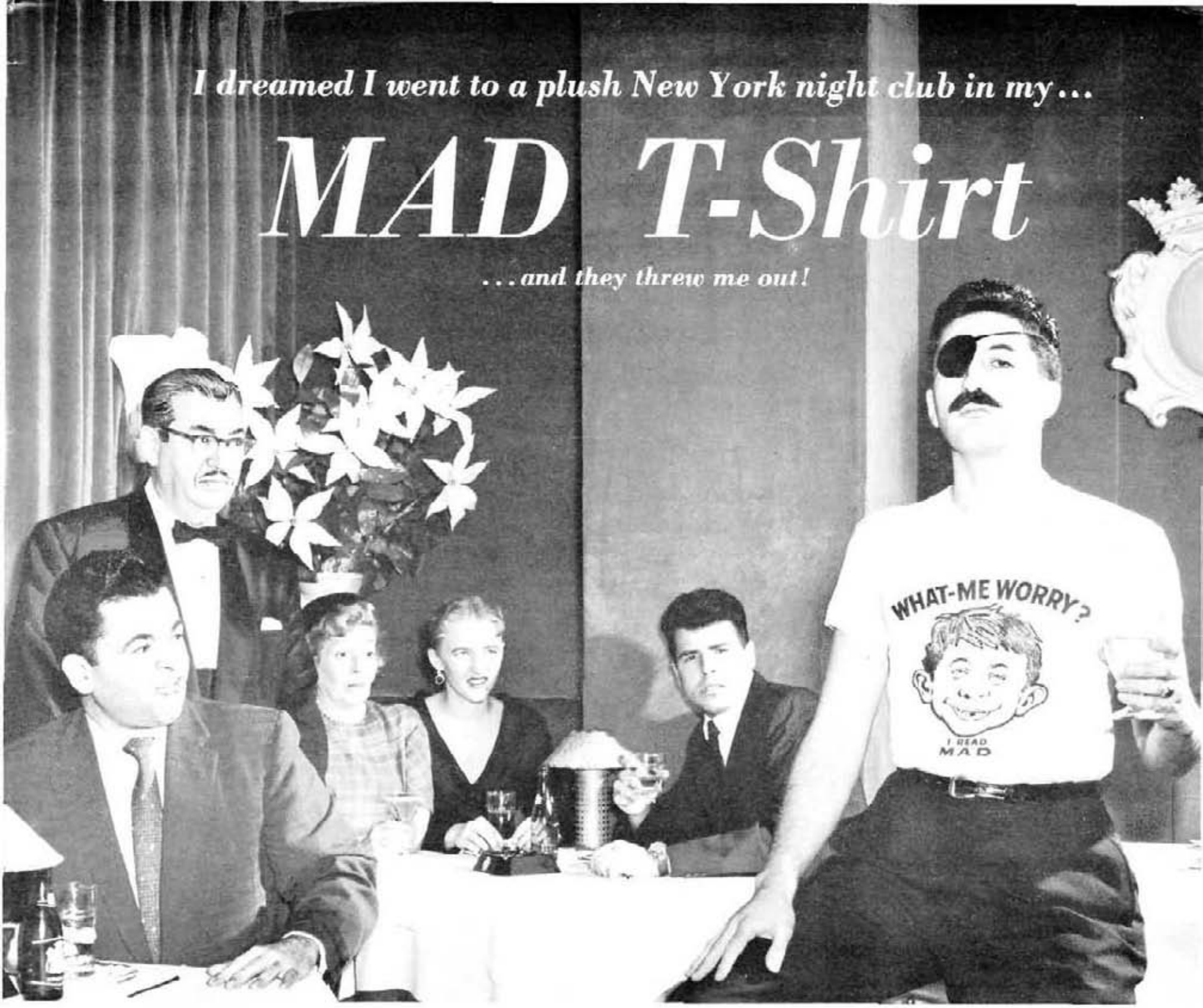
Author Dr. Irving Belknap (STOP PAMPERING YOUR CHILDREN in the May 9th Pest) reports an amazing response to his article. "Three Boy Scout Troops have sworn a vendetta against me," the noted educator writes from an undisclosed hiding place, "and Mickey Mouse Clubs from as far away as Anchorage, Alaska, and the Canal Zone have been sending me cookies containing untraceable poisons."

NEXT WEEK'S PEST

"I always Die in the Stretch"



Are America's biggest racing classics being fixed by the horses themselves? Sea Breeze, a three-year-old who has finished out of the money consistently at Aqueduct, gives the horse-laugh to railbirds in this startling exposé.



NOW AVAILABLE! FOR DISCRIMINATING, WELL-DRESSED MAD FANS

...who like to attract attention and get thrown out of the best places!

MAD T-SHIRTS*

Featuring MAD's "What... Me Worry?" Kid**

*Finest quality "Champknit" by Norwich

**Imprinted in five permanent colors

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I like to attract attention and get thrown out of the best places! Please send me my MAD T-SHIRT(S). I enclose $1.25 for each shirt and have carefully filled in my size.



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NO. OF SHIRTS ____________ SIZE(S) ____________ CHECK CHART BELOW

AMOUNT ENCLOSED AT $1.25 each ____________

BOYS						MEN					
CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE
24"— 27"	BS	27"—31"	BM	31"—34"	BL	34"—37"	MS	37"—41"	MM	41"—44"	ML

SOLVE YOUR PARKING PROBLEMS WITH THESE MAD
WINDSHIELD STICKERS
(Too bad for you if the cop has 20-20 vision!)

